

After Bread

by
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Author of

“Quo Vadis”

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AFTER BREAD

A Story of Polish Emigrant Life
to America

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"QUO VADIS"
(HENRYK SIEJKIEWICZ)

Translated from the Polish by
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NEW YORK
R. F. FENNO & COMPANY
9 and 11 EAST 16TH STREET

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AFTER BREAD.

CHAPTER I.

UPON THE OCEAN—MEDITATION—STORM— ARRIVAL.

ON the waves of the wide ocean rode the German steamer Blucher, on its passage from Hamburg to New York.

It had been on its way four days. Two days ago it had passed the green coast of Ireland and reached the broad Atlantic. From the deck, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen the gray and green surface, plowed up in furrows and hollows, rocking heavily, foaming in places, in the distance more dark, where the water joined the sky in a white, cloudy mist.

The reflection from the clouds fell sometimes upon the water, and upon this pearly background was drawn with sharp outlines the figure of the steamer. The ship, with its bow pointing to the west, climbed to the crest of the billows, and then, as if going to drown itself, sank in the trough of the sea; sometimes it disappeared from view, sometimes it was lifted so high on the top of the waves that part of its keel could be seen—still pressed steadily onward. The waves rolled toward it, and it rushed toward the waves and cut them with its prow. Behind it chased, like a gigantic snake, a wide strip of foaming water; several sea-gulls followed in its wake, circling in the air with their wild cries.

The wind was fresh; and the vessel proceeded under half-steam with all its sails set. The weather promised to become finer. In places, between the broken

clouds, could be seen patches of blue, constantly changing form. Since the Blucher had left the port of Hamburg it had encountered strong winds, but no storms. The winds were westerly, but at times they ceased; then the sails flapped and fluttered, to be shortly filled out like the breast of the swan. The sailors, in their blue woolen sweaters, dragged the rope of the lower yard, as they monotonously cried “Yo-hoy! yo-hoy!” bending and straightening themselves, keeping time with the song; and their cries mingled with the boatswain’s whistle and the puffing of the funnel.

To enjoy the fine weather the passengers had come out on the deck. In the stern of the ship could be observed the black overcoats and hats of the cabin passengers; in the forward part was a motley crowd of emigrants from the steerage. Some of them sat on benches, smoking short pipes, some

were lying down, others were leaning against the rail, looking into the water.

There were several women with children in their arms and tin platters fastened to their belts; several young men promenaded from the bow to the bridge, trying to keep their equilibrium with poor success. They sang "*Wo ist das deutsche Vaterland!*" and, perhaps, they thought that they would never see their "*Vaterland*" again; but, notwithstanding this, they did not seem downcast.

Among this crowd were two who were most sad and who kept apart from the others: an old man and a maiden. They did not understand German and felt very lonely among strangers. They were Polish peasants.

The man's name was Lorenz Toporek, and the girl, Mary, was his daughter. They were coming to America, and had just now, for the first time, plucked up

courage to venture upon deck. Upon their faces, pale from seasickness, was painted fear, mingled with curiosity. With timid eyes they looked upon their fellow-passengers, the sailors, the ship, the huge smokestack, puffing violently, the formidable waves, throwing spray on the deck, and they dared not speak. With one hand Lorenz held the rail, and with the other he held on his head his odd-fashioned four-cornered cap, so that the wind would not blow it off; and Mary stood close by her father, and as often as the ship lurched from side to side she grasped him, exclaiming faintly from fear. Shortly the old man broke the silence:

“Mary.”

“What is it, father?”

“Do you see?”

“I do.”

“Do you marvel?”

“I do indeed.”

Still she feared more than she wondered, and so did old Toporek. Fortunately for them the waves subsided, the wind ceased and the sun broke through the clouds. When they saw the “beloved sun” they felt more easy in their hearts, for it looked to them exactly as it did in Lipintse. All to them was new and strange, and only this disk of the sun, bright and radiant, appeared like an old friend and guardian.

The sea became smoother; soon the sails slackened; from the bridge sounded the signal whistle of the captain, and the sailors rushed to furl them. The sight of the men, apparently hanging in the air above the abyss, again astonished Toporek and Mary.

“Our boys could not do that,” said the old man.

“If the Dutchmen can climb, John could climb also,” said Mary.

“Which John—Sobkow?”

“Why Sobkow? I mean Smolak, the hostler.”

“He is very dexterous, but you must put him out of your head; you are coming to America to be a lady, while he will remain, as he is, a hostler.”

“He has some property.”

“If he has, it is in Lipintse.”

Mary did not answer, but only thought that fate could not be avoided. She sighed deeply, and meanwhile the sails were furled, and, instead, the screw began to churn the water, so that the whole vessel trembled and its rocking motion ceased. In the far distance the water appeared smooth and blue. More people appeared on the deck: artisans, German peasants, idlers from different seaports, who were coming to America to seek pleasure—not

work; the deck was so crowded that Lorenz and Mary sought a secluded spot and sat on a coil of rope in a corner near the bow.

“Father, how much longer shall we be on the sea?” inquired Mary.

“How do I know? those whom you ask answer you as a heathen.”

“How shall we speak in America?”

“Did they not say that there was a multitude of our own people there?”

“Father?”

“What is it?”

“Talk as you may, I feel that it was better in Lipintse.”

Lorenz Toporek pondered. Why was he going to America, and how did it happen? Six months ago, last summer, his cow broke into a neighbor's clover, and they seized and took it to the pound. The farmer who did this wanted three rubles damages; Lorenz did not want to pay. They went to law; the suit was prolonged;

the farmer not only wanted damages, but also costs for the cow's keep, and the costs grew every day. Lorenz was obstinate, thought this was unfair, and did not wish to part with his money. He spent a large amount on the lawsuit, and it dragged and dragged. The costs constantly grew larger, and at last Lorenz was defeated. He owed for his cow a large amount, and because he now had no money to pay it, they took his horse and arrested him for resisting the officer. Toporek struggled to get out of his difficulty. It needed both his horse and his own labor to harvest his crop. He was late in housing his grain; the rains fell and it sprouted in the sheaves, and he saw that, for the small damage of his cow, his crops were ruined, his property was scattered, and for the coming winter starvation stared them in the face.

Having been previously a fairly well-to-

do farmer, he became despondent and began to drink. At the inn he met a German, who pretended to be a flax-buyer, but who was in reality an emigrant steamship agent. This German expatiated on the wonders and marvels of America. He promised him for nothing more land than the largest farm in Lipintse—together with woods and pasture lands, so that the peasant's eyes beamed with anticipation. He believed, yet doubted, but the Jew milk-merchant, who accompanied the German, said that the American government gave to everybody as much land as they could use. The Jew had been so informed by his nephew. The German exhibited a larger roll of money than the peasant, or even the landlord, had ever seen before. They tempted the peasant till they secured him. Why should he remain here? But for the damages that he had sustained through his cow

he could have kept a helper. Will he go to rack and ruin? Will he take a staff in his hand and sing, like the beggars under the church, “Holy heavenly Lady, angelic, praise be to thee?” This he could not do. He struck hands with the German, had a mass said to St. Michael, took his daughter—and lo! he was coming to America.

The journey was not as pleasant as he expected. In Hamburg they robbed him of the greater part of his money; on the ship he was crowded with the rest of the steerage passengers. The rolling of the ship and the vast expanse of the ocean frightened him. No one could understand him, nor he any one. He was bundled around like baggage; they pushed him aside like the stone by the wayside; the Germans made fun of him. At dinner-time, when they all pressed with their tin pans to the cook, who was distributing

food, they pushed him to the end of the line, so that sometimes he did not get enough to eat, and was hungry. On the steamer he felt strange, lonely, and sad. He felt that no one cared for him except God. In the presence of his daughter he tried to look cheerful, cocked his cap on one side, called her attention to everything new, marvelled himself, but trusted in nothing. At moments he was apprehensive that perhaps these “heathen,” as he called his fellow-travelers, would cast him into the sea or command him to change his religion, or to sign some paper, perhaps, even a “*cyrograf!*”—to sell his soul to the devil.

The steamer went forward day and night over the unfathomable sea—shook, groaned, and churned the water into foam, breathed as a dragon, and at night emitted a long tail of fiery sparks, so that it seemed to him like some suspicious and uncanny

force. These childish fears, although he did not confess them, oppressed his heart; for this Polish peasant, torn from his native nest, was truly a helpless child, and verily under the care of God alone. His head and heart could not contain all that he saw and felt; so it was not strange that as he was sitting on the coil of rope his head was bent under his burden of heavy trouble and uncertainty. The sea-breezes sang in his ears and kept repeating, “Lipintse! Lipintse!” Sometimes it whistled like a Polish flute. The sun spoke to him: “How do you do, Lorenz? I was in Lipintse.” But the screw of the propeller churned the water more violently and the smokestack sent forth great clouds of smoke, and these two were like some evil spirits who carried him farther and farther from Lipintse.

Meanwhile Mary was troubled by other thoughts and memories, and they followed

her like the foamy-way behind the ship, or the flying sea-gulls. She recalled how last autumn, late one evening, shortly before their departure, she went to the old well in Lipintse to draw some water. The first stars twinkled in the sky. She was singing as she drew up the bucket:

“ John watered the horses,
Kassya drew the water,”

and she was as sad as the swallow who twitters mournfully before its flight to the south. Then from the dark woods came the long note of the ligavka, which was the signal of John Smolak, the hostler, to let her know that he would soon come.

Presently the sound of hoofs was heard, and he rode up to the well, jumped from the stallion’s back, shook his flaxen-colored locks, and now the memory of his words was as music to her ears. She

closed her eyes, and it seemed that Smolak whispered again to her in his trembling voice:

“If thy father is so obstinate, then I too will give up my place, dispose of my property, and follow thee. My Mary, where thou wilt be, there too shall I fly like a stork in the air, float as a duck on the lake, roll as a golden hoop on the road, and find you, my own! What is my lot without thee? Where thou wilt go, there I will follow. Thy fate will be my fate; together we shall live, and together we shall die. And as I vowed to thee over this well, so let God forsake me, if I forsake thee, Mary, my only love.”

Recalling these words, Mary saw the well, and the large red moon over the tops of the woods, and John, as if he were alive.

These thoughts cheered her and eased her burden. John was a determined

youth, so she believed that what he said he would do. Now she wished only that he could be by her side and listen with her to the sounds of the sad sea. She would be glad and happy then, because he feared no one and knew how to take care of himself. What was he doing now in Lipintse, where likely the first snow had fallen? Did he go to the woods with his ax, or did he care for his horses, or was he sent on an errand with his sleigh, or did he cut openings in the ice? Where was the dear one now? Here the girl, in her mind's eye, saw Lipintse as it was: the crackling snow on the road, the red sky, between black, leafless branches, the cawing flocks of crows, the chimney smoke rising to the sky, the frozen sweep of the well, and in the distance the forest sprinkled with snow and reddened by the setting sun.

· Ah! where is she now? Where will her

father take her? As far as the eye can reach, nothing but water and water. The greenish furrows and foamy billows on these immeasurable watery fields, this one ship—a strayed bird: skies above, desert below, great voices of the crying waves and whistling winds, and there in front of the vessel's prow, somewhere afar off, on the edge of the world—land.

Alas, John! how will you find her there? Will you fly through the air like a falcon? will you swim through the water like a fish? and do you in Lipintse think of her?

Slowly the sun lowered to the west and was falling into the ocean. On the ripples of the waves a bright pathway was spread out, embroidered with golden scales; it coruscated, flashed, shone, burned and merged in the sunlight in the distance. The ship, entering into this

fiery pathway, seemed to chase the setting sun.

The escaping smoke from the funnel became red, the sails and wet ropes pink. The sailors began to sing; the ruddy disk looked larger and larger, and was slowly sinking into the sea. Soon you could only see half of its orb above the waves, and then the whole west was flooded with one great glow, and in this glorious brightness you could not tell where ended the luster of the waves, and where began the sky, air, and firmament, all saturated in this radiance, which at last gradually becoming tenderer, the ocean murmured in one long, low pean, as if intoning its evening prayers.

In moments like these the soul gets wings; what it has to remember, it remembers; what it loves, it loves still more warmly; what it longs for, there it flies.

Lorenz and Mary both felt, that though the wind carried them as useless leaves, the tree which gave them birth is not the land to which they go, but that from whence they came: that Polish land, which is so fruitful, swaying like one great field of golden grain, covered with green forests, dotted with thatched roofs, full of meadows golden with buttercups, and blue with lakes swarming with storks and swallows, with its wayside crosses and the white villas among the linden trees: where one is greeted with “The Lord be praised,” and answers “For ever and ever,” the most worshipful, the sweetest mother, so upright, so beloved, and above all in the world. So what these peasant hearts had not felt before they now felt. Lorenz removed his cap and the western light fell on his gray hair. His thoughts were busy; the poor fellow did not know

how to express his feelings to his daughter. At last he said to her:

“Mary, it seems to me as if we had left something behind us.”

“Fortune is left and love is left,” faintly answered the girl, lifting her eyes as if in prayer.

Meanwhile it became darker, the passengers began to leave the deck, signs of commotion could be seen on the ship. The night is not always quiet after a beautiful sunset; therefore the whistles of the mates sounded continually and the sailors hauled on the ropes. The last purple reflection died out on the sea, and from the water arose a mist; a few stars flickered in the sky, then disappeared; the mist visibly thickened, enveloping the sky, horizon, and the ship itself; the smoke-stack and the great masts could yet be seen; the figures of the mariners from afar looked like shadows; an hour later, all,

even the lights which had been hung on the tops of the masts and the sparks which the funnel breathed out, were hidden in a white fog.

The ship did not roll. The waves became weaker, then fainter, and glided smoothly away under the heavy fog.

The night was falling blind and still. Suddenly, among the stillness from the far-off horizon, came the echoes of mysterious voices. They were like the heavy breathing of approaching giants. At times it seemed as if some one called from the darkness, and from a distance came a chorus of voices, immeasurably sad and mournful, as if repining and lamenting. These calls seemed to come from the boundless infinitude of the gray night.

The sailors, hearing the murmuring of these voices, say that it is the god of storm calling the winds from hell.

The indications of the storm became

more and more apparent. The captain, clad in a mackintosh and an oilskin cap upon his head, stood on the highest bridge; the mate stood in the usual place by the compass. There were no passengers on the deck. Lorenz with Mary had descended to the steerage compartment. Silence reigned there. The lights of the lamps fastened in the low ceiling burned dimly; the emigrants sat in groups near the bunks in the walls. The hall was large, but gloomy, as steerages generally are. The bunks rose in tiers close to the roof, looking like the dark lairs of animals, and the whole gave one the impression of a dark, murky wine-cellar. The air was filled with the smells of sailcloth, tarred ropes, bilge water, and dampness. Does anything here remind you of the handsome saloons of the cabin passengers? Even two weeks in such a hole poisons the lungs with its unwholesome air, covers the

skin with a sickly pallor, and often breeds scurvy.

Lorenz and Mary had been there only four days, and if you would compare the Mary from Lipintse, healthy and rosy, with the Mary of to-day, wan and pale, you would hardly recognize her. Old Lorenz had also become as yellow as wax, which was aggravated because they had not come on deck the first two days of the passage: they thought that it was not allowed. How could they know what was permitted and what prohibited? They simply were afraid to move or leave their baggage. Now they and all the rest, sat by their things, and the whole place was littered over with the bundles of the emigrants, which increased the disorder and the disheartening aspect. Mattresses, clothing, packages of food, tools, tin cups, and platters lay in heaps upon the floor. Upon them sat the emigrants, nearly all

Germans. Some chewed tobacco, some smoked pipes; the puffs of smoke struck the ceiling, then spread in wide layers, dimming the lamplight. A few children cried in the corners, but the crowd had ceased their usual noise, because the fog infused everything with uneasiness and anxiety. The more experienced travelers knew that this foretold a storm. It was no secret that danger and perhaps death was approaching. Lorenz and Mary could not make out anything, though when the hatchway was opened for a moment they could distinctly hear those ominous voices, coming from afar.

They both sat in the narrowest part, near the bow; the annoying motion of the ship was more perceptible here, and that was the reason why their fellow-passengers had crowded them there. The old man strengthened himself with bread from Li-

pintse, and the girl, who was tired of doing nothing, braided her hair for the night.

This unusual silence, interrupted only by the children's cries, surprised her.

"Why do the Germans sit so still?" asked she.

"Do I know?" answered Lorenz. "It may be some holy day with them."

Suddenly the ship shook terribly, as if it trembled before something frightful. The tin utensils rattled against each other, the lamp flames jumped and flashed brighter, and a few frightened voices began to ask:

"What is that? What is it?"

But there was no answer.

A second shock, stronger than the first, jarred the vessel; its bow rose up quickly in the air and as quickly plowed into the trough of the sea, and the waves dashed heavily against the windward portholes.

“The storm is coming,” whispered Mary in a frightened voice.

Meanwhile the tempest roared around the ship like a whirlwind through a forest —howled like a pack of yelling wolves. The sharp wind struck again and again, careening the vessel, tossing it up on the crest of the waves and casting it down into the depths. The bedding, tools, tin pans, and packages were thrown from one corner to another. Some of the emigrants were knocked off their feet. The feathers from the pillows flew about, and the chimneys rattled on the lamps.

Then the air resounded with the noise and clatter of the waves dashing on the deck, the quivering and jarring of the ship, the cries of the women and children, and amid this chaos could be heard the shrill whistle of the officers and the tramping of the sailors running overhead.

“Virgin of the Bright Mountain!” whispered Mary.

The bow of the ship, where they were, flew madly up and down, and despite the fact that they were holding on to their bunks, they were often thrown against the sides. The roar of the tempest increased, and the creaking of the beams and bolts became so frightful that it seemed as if they would part with a great crash.

“Hold tight, Mary!” cried her father, trying to overcome the noise of the storm; but soon a great fear clutched them by the throat. In their terror the children stopped their crying, and the women their weeping: they all breathed quickly, and hands eagerly grasped fixed objects. The fury of the storm waxed stronger; the elements cut loose. The fog mixed with the darkness, the clouds with the water, the wind with the spray; the waves striking the ship like the concussion of cannon

balls, threw it to the right, to the left—from the clouds even to the bottom of the ocean. Sometimes the foamy manes of the waves washed over the whole length of the ship, gigantic walls of water seethed, hissed, and boiled in a terrific commotion.

The oil lamps flickered and one by one went out. It became darker and darker, and to Lorenz and Mary it seemed that the darkness of death was approaching.

“Mary,” began the peasant in a broken voice, for he lacked breath, “Mary, forgive me, that I brought thee to perdition. Our last hour has come. We shall never again look with our sinful eyes on this world. Not for us confession, not for us extreme unction, not for us to lie in our graves, but only from the waters to rise on the last judgment day, my poor one!”

When he so spoke Mary understood that there was no help for them. Different

thoughts flew through her head and her soul cried out:

“John! my John with the golden heart! do you in Lipintse hear me now?” And this cruel grief so oppressed her heart that she began to weep loudly. The noise of her weeping could be heard in the place, which was as silent as a funeral. One voice cried out from the corner, “Be still!” and then stopped, as if frightened by its own sound. Another lamp chimney fell to the floor, and the flame went out, and it became still darker. The people huddled together, so as to be near one another. Fear and silence ruled everywhere. Presently could be heard the voice of Lorenz:

“Kyrie eleison.”

“Christe eleison,” answered Mary, weeping.

“Christ hear us.”

“God, the Father in heaven, have mercy upon us.”

They both repeated the Litany. In this dark compartment the voice of the old man and the answers of the maiden, broken by her sobs, sounded with great solemnity. Some of the emigrants uncovered their heads. Gradually the sobbing of the maiden ceased; their voices became more quiet and clear, and the storm outside shrieked as if in accompaniment.

A cry of terror broke from the group near the hatchway; an immense wave dashed in the door and flooded the compartment; the water rushed hissing into all corners; the women began to shriek and climb into the bunks. It appeared to all that the end had come.

Shortly there entered an officer, with a lantern in his hand, his clothes dripping with water and with flushed face.

In a few words he quieted the women,

saying the water got in by accident, and then he added that because the ship was on the open sea there was but little danger. Thus an hour or two passed. The storm still raged. The ship creaked, labored, rolled, careened, but still it rode the waves. The passengers' fears were allayed and some went to sleep. A few hours more passed, and into the dark compartment through the grated skylight filtered the gray break of day. The morning broke pale on the ocean, as if frightened, sad, and gloomy; but it brought some cheer and hope. Having said all the prayers they knew by heart, Lorenz and Mary climbed into their bunks and slept soundly.

They were awakened by the sound of the bell that called them to breakfast. But they could not eat. Their heads were as heavy as lead. The old man felt worse than Mary; he could get nothing through

his confused head. The German who had enticed him to come to America had said that he would have to cross the water, but he never thought that the water was so wide and that it would take so many days and nights to cross it. He thought he would cross it on a ferryboat, as he had crossed a river. If he had known that the sea was so large, he would have remained in Lipintse. Besides, one other thought disturbed him: had he not led his own and his daughter's soul to perdition? Was it not a sin for a Catholic from Lipintse to tempt the Lord God by committing himself to the abysses of water on which he has now been five days, crossing to another coast, if there be another coast at all? His doubts and fears had seven days more to increase.

The storm raged forty-eight hours, then it abated. Mary and he felt encouraged to venture on deck again; but when

they saw the immense waves rolling yet, dark and angry, the huge mountains of water approaching the ship, and the gulfs beneath, they again thought that only a divine hand, or some other power not human, could save them from those depths.

At last it cleared up. Day after day passed, and they could see only water and water without end, sometimes green, sometimes blue, merging into the sky. Upon that sky there frequently floated small, bright clouds, which reddened at evening, and laid themselves down to sleep in the far west. The ship chased them on the water. Lorenz, indeed, thought that perhaps the sea would never end, but took courage and decided to ask.

Once, taking off his cap and bowing low to a passing sailor, he said:

“Your honor, will we soon arrive?”

For a wonder, the sailor did not burst out laughing, but stood and listened. On his weather-beaten face could be seen an expression, as if he was recalling the past, and was struggling to see it clearly. Then, speaking in German, he said:

“ *Was?*”

“ Will we soon arrive, your honor?”

“ Two days, two days,” said the sailor in Polish, with difficulty, at the same time holding up two fingers.

“ I humbly thank you.”

“ Where do you come from?”

“ From Lipintse.”

“ *Was ist das Lipintse?*”

Mary, who had come forward when they were speaking, blushed deeply, and lifting her eyes bashfully, said in a modest voice:

“ We are from Poznan.”

The sailor looked musingly at a brass nail in the rail; then he looked at the

girl, on her bright flaxen hair, and one could have seen by his bronzed face that he was affected. Shortly he said gravely:

“I am from Dantzic—I understand Polish—I am Kaszub—your *bruder*, but that was long ago. *Jetzt bin ich Deutsch.*”

After he had said that he turned his back, and lifting the end of a rope, cried out, sailor-fashion “Yo-hoy!” and began pulling on it.

From that time, whenever he saw Lorenz or Mary he smiled at them in a friendly manner. They were very glad that they had found one kindly soul on this German ship, and that their journey would soon be over.

The next morning when they went on the deck a strange sight met their eyes. They saw something floating on the water, and when they came nearer they saw it was a large, red barrel, rocking

gently on the waves; in the distance, reaching out, were a number of others. The sea and air were veiled in a slight mist; they looked mild and silvery, the surface was smooth and still, and as far as the eye could reach could be observed more barrels. There were great quantities of sea-gulls following the ship with their cries. There was unusual commotion on the deck. The sailors had changed their clothes, some of them washed the deck, and others polished the brass work. From the mast they hung a flag, and from the stern another.

All the passengers seemed cheerful and animated, and every one came on deck. Some brought up their baggage and began to strap it.

Seeing all this confusion Mary said: “Now we shall certainly reach the land.”

They became more cheerful. Then in

the west could be discerned Sandy Hook, then an island with a building on it, and then, in the distance, something like dense, fog-like clouds or smoke, stretched on the water, indistinct, far, mixed, formless. At this sight a great babel of voices arose; they all pointed with their fingers; the ship whistled shrilly as if from joy.

“What is that?” inquired Lorenz.

“New York,” answered Kaszub, who was standing near by.

Then the mist and smoke lifted and disappeared, and in the background, as the ship was cutting through the silvery water, could be seen the outlines of houses, roofs and chimneys; the church steeples and high buildings were painted more clearly against the blue. In the lower part of the city could be seen forests of masts, from which floated thousands of vari-colored flags, which swayed in the breeze like flowers upon the meadow.

The ship came nearer and nearer—the beautiful city arose as if from the water. Lorenz, who was filled with astonishment and joy, took off his cap, opened wide his mouth and looked, then said to his daughter:

“Mary.”

“Well?”

“Do you see it?”

“I do.”

“Do you marvel?”

“I do marvel.”

Lorenz not only wondered, but he coveted. Seeing the green shores on both sides of the bay, the darker green of the uplands, the cultivated lawns and grounds, he spoke again:

“Bless the Lord! If they would give me land near the city, with that meadow, it would be nearer to the market, and I could drive the cow and hogs to the fair. There must be multitudes of people here.

In Poland I was a peasant, but here I shall be a large land-owner."

At this moment the long stretches of Staten Island spread out before him in all its beauty. Lorenz, seeing groves of trees, said again:

"I shall bow low to the government officer, shall speak deftly to him and ask him for about eighty acres of these woods for my 'inheritance.' In the morning I will send my hired man into the city with the wood. Glory to the Highest! for I now see that my German did not cheat me."

Mary also was dreaming of "inheritance," and she did not know why a song that the bridesmaids sing to the grooms in Lipintse came into her head. In this song the maidens tell the young men that all they possess is their tasseled caps and embroidered coats. Perhaps she intends

to sing such a song to poor John, when he arrives—when she will be rich.

Meanwhile the quarantine tug had arrived. Four or five people came on board. Then came another boat from the city, bringing agents from hotels and boarding-houses, guides, money-changers and railroad agents. Then arose a great clamor; they pushed and jostled among the passengers. Lorenz and Mary were caught in this vortex and knew not what to do.

Kaszub, the friendly sailor, helped the old man to change his money; he obtained forty-seven dollars in silver for all that he had. Before this had ended the ship came so close to the city that they could see not only the houses, but even the people at Battery Park; then it passed near a number of vessels, large and small, and at last reached the wharf and glided into a narrow dock.

Their journey was ended.

The passengers began to swarm from the ship, like bees from a hive; they crowded the narrow gangway and collected in groups on the dock: first-class, then second, and at last the steerage passengers loaded with their luggage. When Lorenz and Mary, pushed by the crowd, reached the exit, there Kaszub met them and squeezing Lorenz's hand said:

“*Bruder*, I wish you good luck, and to you, miss, God help you.”

“God repay you,” they both answered, but there was no time for further speech. The crowd pushed them forward on the gangway to the large inclosure.

The customs officer with his silver shield pinched and prodded their bundles, said “All right,” and pointed to the doorway. They went out and found themselves on the streets.

“Father, what shall we do now?” asked Mary.

“We should wait here. The German said that a government officer will come and ask for us.”

So they stood, leaning against the wall, waiting for him, with the noise of the great unknown city surrounding them. They had never seen anything like it before. The streets ran straight and wide, with crowds of people upon them, like at fair time in Poland; in the middle were street cars and on the sides wagons, carriages and omnibuses. Around them they heard a strange kind of speech; the workmen and drivers cried out to each other. Often some black people with short woolly hair would pass them. Seeing them, Lorenz and Mary devoutly crossed themselves. This city appeared strange, full of din and noise, whistles, the rattling of wagons, and the cries and shouts of the people. Everybody went so quickly that they looked as if they were

either chasing, or trying to escape from, somebody, and besides, what an ant-hill of people, what strange faces—some dark, some bronzed, some olive. There they stood near the docks, where ships were loading and unloading, where it was very crowded and busy; the wagons rattled, the trucks groaned, and the noise reminded them of a sawmill.

In this way passed an hour—another—and they still stood by the wall, waiting for the officer.

A strange sight they presented to the large city of New York—this Polish peasant, with his long grayish hair and four-cornered lambskin cap, and this maiden from Lipintse, dressed in a dark-blue cotton dress, and strings of beads around her neck.

Yet people passed them without looking at them. New faces or strange dresses do not surprise New Yorkers.

Another hour passed; the sky became overcast; rain and sleet began to fall; a cold moist wind came from the water.

They still stood, waiting for the officer.

The peasant nature is patient; but somehow uneasiness began to creep into their souls.

They had felt lonely on the ship among strangers, and on the wide watery wastes sick and fearful. They had prayed to God that he would lead them, as lost children, through the dangers of the sea. They had thought that as soon as they landed their woes would be ended. Now they had arrived, were in the midst of this great city, but in this city with its noise and din they suddenly felt that they were still more lonely and afraid than they had been on the steamer.

The officer had not arrived. What would they do if he should never come, if the German had deceived them?

At this thought their poor peasant hearts quaked with fear. What would they do? Simply—perish.

Meanwhile the wind blew through their clothing and the rain beat in their faces.

“Mary, are you cold?” inquired Lorenz.

“I am, father,” replied she.

Another hour was tolled by the city clock. It was getting dusky. The crowds were becoming thinner, and the dock laborers were leaving; the lamps on the streets were lighted, and a great sea of light flooded the city. Gradually Battery Park became deserted. The Emigrant Office was closed.

They stood waiting for the officer.

At last night had fallen and the docks became silent. From time to time the black funnels of the ferryboats sent forth clouds of sparks, which went out in the darkness, and the waves splashed against the stone embankment. Sometimes was

heard the song of a drunken sailor, returning to his ship; the lamp lights began to flicker in the mist. They waited.

Even if they concluded not to wait, where could they go? what could they do? where could they turn, and where could they lay their weary heads? The cold pierced them sharply, and hunger gnawed at their vitals. If they had only a roof above their heads, for they were wet to the skin! Ah! the officer did not come—he would not come, for such an officer did not exist. The German was a steamship ticket agent, who received commissions from his sales, and cared for nothing more.

Lorenz felt that his feet were getting numb, that some great weight pressed upon him, as if the wrath of God hung over him.

He waited patiently as only a peasant can. The voice of his daughter, shiver-

ing from the cold, awoke him, as if from a dream.

“Father.”

“Still. No mercy for us.”

“Let us return to Lipintse.”

“Don’t be foolish.”

“My God! my God!” silently whispered Mary.

Lorenz was overcome with grief.

“My poor child! If God only had mercy on thee!”

But she did not hear. Leaning her head against the wall, she closed her eyes and fell into an uneasy, feverish sleep; and in her dreams she seemed to see and hear, pictured as in a frame, Lipintse and the sound of her John’s voice, singing mockingly:

“What a fine lady! What a fine lady!

Thy trousseau is only a garland of daisies.”

The first light of day fell upon the

water, upon the masts, and upon the Emigrant building.

In this gray light could be seen two figures, sleeping by the wall, with blue, pale faces, covered with snow and motionless, as if dead. But in their book of woe only the first leaves were turned.

CHAPTER II.

IN NEW YORK.

IN New York, starting from Broadway in the direction of Chatham Square and crossing several streets, the traveler meets a part of the city more and more poor, neglected, and squalid. The streets are very narrow. The houses, built, perhaps, by the Dutch colonists, have become cracked and warped with old age: the roofs have sunk in, the plaster has dropped from the walls, and the walls themselves have so settled that the cellar windows are level with the street. Strange crooked lines have taken the place of the usual straight American streets: uneven walls, and roofs crowd and terrace one upon

another with their broken slates and shingles.

In wet weather pools of water stand in the streets, muddy and thick. The windows of the dilapidated houses look down upon these puddles, in which can be seen pieces of paper, pasteboard, glass, wood, and clippings of tin: the streets, or rather their layers of mud, are littered with this rubbish; everywhere can be seen dirt, filth, disorder, and human misery.

In these quarters are boarding-houses, where one can live for two dollars a week; also saloons, where they entice unfortunate men to go on whaling vessels; secret agents from Venezuela, Ecuador, and Brazil, who persuade people to colonize the tropics and who furnish the yellow fever with quantities of victims; restaurants, who feed their guests on salt meat, rotten oysters and fish, that perhaps are cast up on the beach by the water; private

gambling houses, Chinese laundries, mariners' rests and dens of crime, misery, hunger, tears.

And yet this part of the big city is crowded, for all emigrants who cannot find even temporary lodgings in Castle Garden gather here, dwell, live, and die. Also, it could be said, that if immigration consists of the refuse of Europe, the denizens of this neighborhood consist of the refuse of immigration. The people are idle here, partly for want of work, but mostly because they like it. At night can often be heard the report of revolvers, cries for help, hoarse shouts of rage, the songs of drunken sailors, or the brawls of quarreling negroes. In the daytime the groups of ragged loafers, with pipes in their mouths, crowd around a street fight. Children, white and black, instead of being at school, play in the streets and throw banana peels at each other; emaci-

ated beggar women hold out their hands to the better dressed people who happen to pass.

In such a human Gehenna we find our two old friends, Lorenz Toporek and his daughter Mary. The “inheritance” which they expected was a dream and passed as a dream, and the reality appears in the form of a narrow basement room, deep in the ground, with one window, partly broken; from the walls of the room oozes unhealthy slime and streaks of moisture; by the wall stands a rusty and dilapidated stove and a table with three legs; a pile of straw in the corner serves as a bed; that is all. Old Lorenz, kneeling in front of the stove, tries to find a potato in the cold ashes; he has not eaten for two days. Mary sits on the straw with her hands clasped around her knees and stares motionless. The girl is thin and ill. It is the same Mary, but her rosy cheeks are

now sunken; her color is pale and sickly, her face looks smaller than before, and her eyes are large and vacant. On her face can be seen the effects of foul air, care, and insufficient food.

They lived only on potatoes, but for two days even these were lacking. They were at a loss what to do or how to live. It was at the end of the third month that they had lived in this hole, and their money was gone. Old Lorenz had tried to get work, but no one understood what he wanted. He went to the docks to load coal upon the ships, but he had no wheelbarrow; besides, an Irishman had given him a black eye; he could get no work around buildings, because he had no tools; and a workman is of no use who does not understand what is said to him; whatever he undertook or wherever he went they laughed at him, pushed him about, and often beat him; so he could find nothing

to do and he could not get or earn any money. His hair had become white from anxiety; hope was dead, his money was gone, and hunger began.

In his country, among his own, if he had lost his all, if sickness had ruined him, or his children had put him out of the house, he would have taken a staff in his hand and would have stood under a cross by the wayside or at the entrance of some church and sung for alms. The gentlemen passing that way would give him a dime, the lady would send from her carriage her little daughter, with her great pitying eyes and money in her pink hands; a peasant would give him a loaf of bread and a woman a slice of bacon, and he could live, as a bird who neither sows nor plows. Besides, if he had stood under the cross, its guarding arms would spread above him, the skies would be overhead and the fields around, and in this silence

of nature the Lord God would hear his songs. But in this great city, that hummed like a mighty engine, everybody rushed onward and looked only ahead, so that they could not see the suffering of others. The head swam here, the arms drooped, the eyes were bewildered with the many sights, and the thoughts chased each other; everything was so strange and repelling, whirling at full speed, so that they who did not know how to revolve in this wheel were cast out and broken like an earthen jar.

Ah me! what a difference there is here! In quiet Lipintse Lorenz had some land, he was respected by his neighbors, was sure of his living; every Sunday he went to church and offered a candle; and here he was lost among all, like a stray dog in a strange yard—timid, trembling, bent, and hungry. In his first days of suffering memory said to him: “It was better for

thee in Lipintse." His conscience cried: "Lorenz, why did you leave Lipintse?" Why? because God had deserted him. The peasant would carry his cross, would willingly suffer, if there would only be an end to his suffering; but he knew well that every day there would be a greater trial, and every morning the sun would shine upon the increasing misery of himself and daughter. What would he do? Would he make a rope, say a prayer, and hang himself? When he thought what would become of his daughter he felt that not only God had forsaken him, but that even his reason was leaving him. There was no light in this darkness, and his greatest pain he even could not name.

This was the longing for Lipintse. It tortured him day and night; this torture became so much more frightful because he was unconscious of what he wanted, and it was tugging at his peasant's heart, like

a dog at its chain, while he writhed in agony. What he needed was the pine forests, the fields, and cottages thatched with straw, the gentry, peasants and priests, and all that, above which his native sky was hanging and from which the heart, if once attached, cannot break away, and, when it breaks, drips with blood. The peasant felt as if something weighed him to the earth. At times he felt like tearing his hair, butting his head against the wall, casting himself on the ground and crying aloud for some one in his frenzy. Now he is bent under his terrible burden, he is sinking, and still the hum of this strange city sings in his ears; he groans and calls on the Divine Lord; here there is no cross, no one answers him, but the hum of the city goes on, and upon the straw pallet there sits the girl with eyes staring into vacancy—hungry, and suffering silently. It is a strange thing that, although the

girl and he were constantly together, so benumbed by misery were they that often for whole days they never spoke to each other. Sad and miserable were their lives. What had they to speak of? The open wounds had better be left untouched. Will they then say that they have no more money, that there are no more potatoes, no more ideas in their heads?

Help they get from none. Many Poles live in New York, but the well-to-do never live in the vicinity of Chatham Square. The second week after their arrival they got acquainted with two Polish families, one from Silesia and one from Poznan, but they were suffering themselves. Two of the Silesian children died, a third one was ill, and yet for two weeks it had been sleeping with its parents under an arch of the bridge. They existed on what they could pick out of the garbage barrels. Later they were taken to a hospital, and it

was not known what had become of them. The second family was equally unhappy and even in a still worse condition, for the father of the family was a drunkard. Mary tried to help the woman as long as she could, but now she herself needed help. Truly they might have gone to the Polish Catholic Church in Hoboken, and the priest would have let others know of them, but they did not know that there was any Polish church or priest; they had no one to tell them of it. In this way every cent they spent was a step on the stairs leading into the gulf of misery.

At this moment they sat, he by the stove and she on the straw. One hour passed, then another. The room was getting darker and darker, though it was only noontime; a mist arose from the water as it does usually in the spring—heavy, chilly, and penetrating. Both shivered with the cold; at last, Lorenz

gave up his search for a potato in the ashes.

“Mary,” said he, “I can’t stand this any longer, neither can you. I will go to the water to pick up some wood: we can then make a fire and perhaps I may find something to eat.”

She said nothing, so he went out. He had learned to go to the docks and pick up pieces of board that had been thrown in the water, as do all those who have no money to buy coal. Sometimes he would find some vegetables and bananas floating on the water that had been thrown from the fruiterers. When he was busy with this occupation he would momentarily forget his misery and the longing that consumed him. It was lunch-time when he came to the dock, and some boys who were near the edge of the water commenced to plague and jeer him, throwing pieces of coal and sticks at him. There

were pieces of broken boxes floating on the water; one wave would bring them near him and then they would recede from him, but soon he managed to secure enough.

Something green floated on the water; perhaps it was something to eat, but being light it did not come near the shore, and he could not reach it. The boys had a sinker fastened to the end of a line, which they threw beyond these objects and thus pulled them ashore: he had no line, so he looked covetously, and waiting until the boys had gone he looked over their leavings and ate what he thought was fit. At this moment he forgot that Mary had not eaten.

Luck now smiled on him. Returning home he met a wagon filled with potatoes, which had stuck on the street, and the horses were unable to move it. Lorenz grasped one of the spokes of the wheel

and helped the driver to start. It was so heavy that he felt the strain on his back, but at last they started, and some potatoes fell on the ground. The driver did not stop to pick them up, thanked Lorenz for his help and went off.

Lorenz gathered them with trembling hands, hid them in his breast and felt more cheerful. A piece of bread, found at the time of hunger, gives happiness. The peasant, returning home, muttered, “Thanks be to God, that he looked upon our distress; the wood is found, the girl will make a fire; the potatoes will last for two meals. The Lord God is merciful! Our room will be warm. Mary has not eaten for two days. She will be glad. The Lord God is merciful!”

Muttering thus to himself, he carried the boards with one hand, and with the other felt that his potatoes were safe. He was bringing great treasures, so he lifted

his eyes with gratitude to heaven and muttered again:

“I thought I should steal them; and now, without stealing, they fell from the wagon; we shall eat now. The Lord God is merciful! Mary will arise from the straw when she finds out that **I** have potatoes.”

Mary had not moved from the time he left the room. Previously, in the morning, when Lorenz had brought wood, she made the fire, boiled water, ate what they had, and for whole hours watched the blaze. She, also, had sought for work. She was hired once in a boarding-house to wash dishes and sweep, but was discharged in two days, because she did not understand the orders; she was discouraged and did not try again. For whole days she sat in the house, fearing to go on the streets, because Irishmen and drunken sailors insulted her. This idle-

ness increased her misery. The longing gnawed her, as rust does iron. She was more unhappy than Lorenz, because to hunger, to the conviction that there was no help for them, no escape, no to-morrow, to the terrible longing for Lipintse, the thought of John added its additional weight. Had he not vowed to her and said: “Where thou shalt go, there I will go?” She had come to America to receive her “inheritance” and be a lady, and now how all had changed!

He was working on a gentleman’s estate, and besides had the small property left him by his father, while she was as poor and as hungry as a rat in the church in Lipintse. Will he ever come? and if he comes, will he take her to his bosom and say: “My poor dear sufferer,” or “Leave me, thou pauper’s daughter?” What is now her trousseau?—rags. The dogs would bark at her now in Lipintse,

and yet something draws her there, and oh, her soul would be glad to leave her and fly there, as a swallow on the water.

John is there, remembering or not remembering, but very dear to her; only by his side would be peace, joy, and gladness, of all men, only by his side alone.

When they had a fire in the stove, and the hunger did not gripe them as badly as now, the flames—hissing, shooting sparks, jumping, flickering—spoke to her of Lipintse and reminded her how she had sat with other girls spinning. John, peeping out from another room, cried out: “Mary, let us go to a priest, for thou art dear to me.” She answered him: “Be quiet, John;” and she felt joy in her soul, as she did when he took her on the floor to dance with him, and she, shielding her eyes, would whisper: “Leave me, for I feel ashamed.” When the flames recalled all this, the tears would trickle down her

face; but now there was neither fire in the stove nor tears in her eyes, for she had shed them all. Sometimes it seemed to her that they flooded her breast and choked her. Sometimes she felt a great weariness and exhaustion, and she was too weak to think; but she suffered patiently, looking before her with her large eyes, like a bird that is tortured.

In this way she now looked, sitting on the straw. Some one opened the door. Mary, thinking that it was her father, did not lift her head, when a strange voice said:

“Look here!”

He was the proprietor of the den where they lived, an old mulatto with a gloomy and repulsive face, shabby and dirty, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth.

Seeing him, the girl was very frightened. They had to pay a dollar for the next week, and they had not a cent. She

hoped to mollify him by being humble, so she came to him and kissed his hand.

“I came for my money,” he said.

She understood the word “money,” and shaking her head and trying to speak, at the same time looking supplicatingly, she gave him to understand that they had none, that for two days they had not eaten, that they were hungry, and that he should have mercy upon them.

“God will pay you, honorable gentleman,” she added in Polish, at a loss to do or speak more.

The “honorable gentleman” did not understand that he was honorable, but he guessed that he would not get his dollar; guessed even so well that he gathered their bundles in one arm, and with his other hand he took the girl by the arm and led her from the room, and giving her a push up the stairs, conducted her to the street, and, throwing her things at her feet, with

equal unconcern opened the door of an adjoining saloon and called out:

“Hi! Pat, I have a room for you.”

“All right,” answered a voice from the inside, “I will come to-night.”

The mulatto disappeared in the dark hallway, leaving the girl standing on the street. She put her bundles in a corner of the wall, so that they would be out of the mud, and, standing near them, waited patiently and silently, as usual.

The drunken sailor on passing by did not touch her this time. Although it had been dark in the room, on the street it was quite light, and in this light the face of the girl appeared quite emaciated, as if after some severe illness. Only her bright flaxen hair remained the same, but her lips were blue, her eyes feverish. She looked like a flower that, wilting, is slowly dying.

The passers-by looked at her with pity.

An old negress asked her something, but receiving no reply, went on, feeling offended.

Meanwhile Lorenz was wending his way homeward with feelings that are often awakened in the poor by the visible proof of divine mercy. He now had potatoes; he thought how they would taste, how to-morrow he would again help the drivers, and of the time after the to-morrow he did not think, because he was very hungry. Seeing the girl standing on the pavement in front of the house, he was very much surprised, and hastened his steps.

“Why art thou standing here?”

“The landlord has put us out, father.”

“Put us out?”

The wood fell from the peasant’s hands. This was too much for him. To expell them at this time, when they had wood and potatoes! What would they do now? Where would they cook? How would

they strengthen themselves? Where would they go? Taking his cap from his head, he threw it on the ground by the wood. “Lord! Lord!” He turned round, opened his mouth, and looking on the girl with a dazed look, repeated once more:

“Put us out?”

He turned, as if to walk off, then stopped, and with a husky and severe voice, said:

“Why did you not supplicate him, you stupid?”

She sighed.

“I did.”

“Did you kiss his hand?”

“I did.”

Lorenz turned round again in the same spot, as a worm that is pierced through, and everything became dark before his eyes.

“Perish thou!” he cried out.

The girl glanced at him with pain.

“Father, what is my guilt?”

“Stand here. Don’t move; I will go and beg him to let us cook the potatoes only.”

He went.

Shortly in the hall was heard the scuffling of feet, uplifted voices, and then Lorenz was pushed violently out on the street. He stood a moment, then said abruptly to the girl:

“Let us go.”

She stooped down to gather her things. They were too heavy for her exhausted strength; but he did not help her, as if forgetting, as if not seeing that the girl could scarcely move them.

They started off. These two pitiful figures of a girl and an old man would have attracted the attention of the passers-by, had they not been accustomed to such sights of misery. Where could they go?

To what darkness, to what woe, to what pain?

The breathing of the girl became labored. She swayed on her feet once, then twice, and then said, in a pleading tone:

“Father, carry these things, I cannot any more.”

He spoke, as if awakening from a dream:

“Throw them away, then.”

“Perhaps we will need them.”

“We shall never need them.”

Seeing that the girl hesitated, he exclaimed with rage;

“Throw them away, or I will beat you.” This time she was frightened, and obeyed him, and they went on their way. The peasant repeated several times:

“If so, let it be so.”

Then he was silent, but a wild look came in his eyes. They continued on through a muddy street, which ran to the

river, passing by a building with the sign, "Sailors' Asylum," and went upon one of the piers, where a new dock was being built. The large derricks of the piling machines stood high in the air, and carpenters were working upon scaffolding. Mary sat down on a pile of lumber. She was too weak to go further. Lorenz sat silently by her side.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The whole place was astir with life and motion. The mist disappeared, and the life-giving rays of the evening sun threw its merciful light and warmth upon the two sufferers. The breath of the spring arose from the water, and the air was brisk, full of life and gladsome. There was so much blue and light around that their eyes closed from its intensity. On the background of this blue could be seen funnels, masts, and flags waving lightly in the breeze. The taut sails looked like

clouds in the rays of the sun, and shone with a blinding whiteness. Steamers sailed for distant ports, leaving a foamy track in their wake. They were going in the direction of Lipintse, which was for them both a memory of lost happiness, a better fate, and peace. Mary thought, as she sat there: what sin have we committed against God that He should turn his face from us, that He, so merciful, should forsake us among a strange people on a far-off distant shore? It was in His power to give them back their happiness. Many vessels went toward Lipintse, but they went without them. So the weary thoughts of the poor girl wandered again to her old home and to John, the hostler. Did he remember her? She remembered him, because in happiness one may forget, but in distress and loneliness the thoughts entwine around the beloved ones as hops around the poplar tree. But he—perhaps he has

forsaken his old love and sent the match-makers to another house. It would be a shame for him to think of such a poor girl, who has nothing but a garland of rue, and to whom the match-makers will bring, as a groom, death alone.

She felt so ill that hunger did not annoy her any more, and a feeling of drowsiness overcame her; her eyes closed gradually and her head sank on her breast; sometimes she opened her eyes and then closed them again. She dreamed that, wandering in some ravine, she fell into the river Danube, like Kassya in the song, and she heard distinctly the next verse, which describes how John, who had witnessed her accident from a high cliff, descended by a rope which proved to be too short by one yard, whereupon the girl reached up a braid of her hair and was saved.

She suddenly awakened, for she felt in

the dream that she had no braided locks, and that she was sinking in the water. Her dream was over. Not John, but Lorenz was sitting by her side; not the blue Danube, but the docks of New York, with a forest of masts and funnels, were to be seen, and the words of a song floated to her from some passing pleasure craft. The quiet, warm, clear spring evening began to redden upon the water and sky. The surface became as smooth as a mirror; every ship and mast was reflected, as if another ship and other masts were underneath, and all was beautiful around. The air was mild and balmy; it seemed as if the whole world was glad—all but these two, who were so unhappy and forsaken; the workmen began to return home, but these two had no home.

The ever-increasing pangs of hunger tore with an iron hand at Lorenz's vitals. The peasant was sitting gloomy and down-

cast, but some frightful decision was expressed on his face. It had the appearance of some ravenous animal, and at the same time it had the despairing immobility of death. It was frightful to look upon. All this time he never uttered a word, but when night came and the dock was deserted, he said, with a strange voice:

“Let us go, Mary.”

“Where shall we go?” she dreamily asked.

“To the end of the pier. Let us lie there and sleep.”

They cautiously threaded their way along the dock to the end of the pier, fearing they might fall into the water. When they reached the edge, Lorenz said:

“Here we shall sleep.”

Mary fell down on the dock, and despite the swarms of mosquitoes, she slept heavily. Suddenly in the depth of

the night the voice of Lorenz awakened her.

“Mary, arise!”

The tone of his voice was so strange that she awoke at once.

“What is it, father?”

In the silence and darkness of the night the voice of the old peasant sounded hollow, mournful, yet quiet.

“Maiden, never more shalt thou suffer from hunger. Thou wilt never knock at the stranger’s door to ask for bread; thou wilt never again sleep out of doors! Man has forsaken thee, God has forsaken thee; thy fortune hath fled. Let death then clasp thee to its breast. The water is deep and thou wilt not suffer.”

In the darkness she could not see him, though her eyes were wide open from terror.

“I will drown thee, my poor one, and I shall drown myself,” continued he;

“there is no help for us, there is no mercy for us. To-morrow thou wilt not suffer from hunger, to-morrow will be better for thee than to-day.”

No! she did not want to die. She was only eighteen years of age, she had the love of life and fear of death which youth gives. Her soul shook to its depths at the thought that to-morrow she would be a corpse, that she would go into the darkness, that she would lie in the water among fishes and reptiles upon the slimy bottom. No, never! Undescribable aversion and terror enveloped her, and her own father speaking thus in the darkness seemed to her as an evil spirit.

During all this time both his hands were resting on her shoulders, and the voice continued with its dreadful, quiet insistence:

“If thou dost cry, no one will hear

thee; I will push thee, and all will not last more than two prayers."

"No, no, father! I don't want to die," cried Mary. "Don't you fear God? My dear, good father! Have mercy upon me. What have I done to thee? I complained not at our misfortune. I shared patiently with thee the cold and hunger. Father!"

His breathing became short, his hands clutched her like a vise; she begged for her life, more and more despairingly.

"Have mercy! mercy! Am not I thy child? I am poor, sick: I have not long to live. I grieve; I fear to die."

Thus groaning, she clung to his coat and imploringly pressed her lips to the hands that tried to push her into the water. But all this seemed to arouse him. His quietness changed into frenzy; he began to pant and snort; at times he made no noise, and any one standing near

would only have heard loud breathing and scuffling of feet on the dock. The night was black and dark, and help there was none; besides it was at the far end of the pier, and no one could hear them.

“Mercy! mercy!” screamed Mary.

At this moment he pulled her violently with one hand on to the edge of the pier, and with the other he beat her head to stifle her cries. But even these cries did not awaken an echo; only a dog howled in the distance.

The girl felt that she was growing weaker. Then she felt that her feet were hanging over the edge, her hands clung to her father, and she felt them slipping. Her cries for help became fainter and fainter. At last her weight tore a piece from her father's coat, and she was sensible that she was falling.

Unconsciously she clung to one of the piles and hung over the water.

Lorenz stooped, and terrible to say, he began to unloosen her hands.

Crowds of thoughts like flocks of birds flew through her mind, and pictures flashed before her eyes like lightning: Lipintse, the well with its sweep, departure, the ship, the storm, the litany, New York, misery, and at last the present moment. Then she sees a great ship with uplifted bows, crowded with people, and from their midst two hands stretch out to her; thank God! it is John who stands there; he stretches forth his hands, and above the ship is the Blessed Mother, surrounded by light and smiling on her. Seeing this, she strives to come nearer: "Most Holy Virgin! John! John!" One moment more. . . . In this last moment she lifts her eyes to her father. "Father! there is the Divine Mother! there is the Divine Mother!"

One moment more, and the same hands

that had pushed her to death grasped her wrists, and with superhuman strength dragged her upon the pier. Again she feels under her feet the solid planks, again she feels arms around her, but those are the arms of a father, not of an executioner, and her head falls fainting on his breast.

On regaining her senses she saw that she was lying by the side of her father on the dock. Though it was dark, she observed that he lay with his arms outspread like a cross, and his body was convulsed with the sobs that tore his breast.

“Mary,” gasped he, between his sobs, “forgive me, child!”

In the darkness the girl found his hands, and pressing her poor lips to them whispered:

“Father, may the Lord forgive thee as I forgive thee.”

From a pale brightness on the horizon

emerged the moon, large, clear, and full. Again something wonderful happened. Mary saw, as in a vision, that from the moon were detached myriads of cherubim, like golden bees, which were descending to her upon the rays, their wings fluttering, and singing with childish voices:

“ Martyred maiden, peace be to thee! poor bird, peace be to thee! flower of the field, patient and silent, peace be to thee!”

Thus singing above her, they waved the cups of white lilies and small silver bells, which rang out:

“ Slumber to thee, maiden! slumber to thee! Slumber, sweetly sleep!”

A deep peacefulness filled her soul, and she slept.

The night was passing; it became pale—the dawn was approaching and whitened the water; the masts and funnels began to take shape; Lorenz knelt, bending over Mary.

He thought she had died. Her lithe figure was motionless; her eyes were closed; her face was as pale as wax, with a bluish tint, quiet and rigid. Vainly the old man shook her shoulder: she did not move or open her eyes. It seemed to Lorenz that she would die, but putting his hand to her mouth he felt that she still breathed. Her heart was beating, though faintly; but he thought that she would die every moment. If from the morning mist should come a clear day, if the sun would warm her, then she would come to life; if not, she would die.

The sea-gulls circled over her head, as if caring for her. The morning mists dispersed slowly before the breath of the western wind: the breath was of the spring, warm and full of sweetness.

Then the sun arose. His rays fell first on the tops of the masts, then coming lower, threw their golden light upon the

entranced face of Mary. They seemed to kiss, caress, and surround her. In this light, in the halo of her beautiful hair, which had become unfastened in her struggle, she appeared angelic. By her martyrdom and misfortune, indeed Mary was now nearly an angel.

A beautiful rosy day was rising from the water; the air became warmer; the sweet breezes fanned her face; the sea-gulls hovering over her cried as if to awaken her. Lorenz took his coat and covered her feet, and hope entered his breast.

The blue tint faded from her face, her cheeks took on a healthier hue, she smiled once or twice, and at last opened her eyes.

Then the old peasant knelt on the pier, lifted his eyes to heaven, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

He felt that from now henceforward this child was the pupil of his eye, soul of his soul, holy and beloved above all.

She awoke refreshed, feeling stronger and better than yesterday. The pure air of the harbor was more healthy for her than the poisoned atmosphere of the room. She had indeed returned to life, for seated on the pier she cried out:

“Father, I am very hungry.”

“Come, daughter, let us go down to the edge of the water, and perhaps we will find something there,” said the old man.

She arose without much effort, and they went along the dock. It seemed as if this day was to be an exception to others, for they had only proceeded a few paces when they observed in the lumber a small bundle, which contained some bread and corn-beef. One of the workmen had only eaten part of his lunch yesterday; but Lorenz and Mary explained this more simply. Who put these victuals here? In their opinion it was He who cares for every flower, bird, grasshopper, and ant.

God!

They said their prayers, ate what they had, although it was not much, and went along the water-front to a larger dock. They felt a new strength. After resting awhile they walked for about an hour, then turned into Water Street, where they again rested on some boxes. They proceeded without knowing why, but it seemed to Mary as if she must go there. On the way they met a number of loaded wagons, and the street was alive with people. In the doorway of a business place stood a tall man with gray hair and mustache, and a young boy was by his side. He glanced at their faces and then at their dress and twirled his mustache; astonishment was depicted on his face; then he looked more closely and began to smile.

A human face, smiling friendly upon them in New York! What a miracle!

Seeing which, they were both greatly astonished.

The gentleman approached them and inquired in the purest Polish:

“Where are you from, good people?”

They felt as if lightning had struck them. The peasant, instead of answering, became pale and wavered on his feet, neither believing his ears nor eyes. Mary, who came to her senses first, knelt down at the feet of the old gentleman, embraced his knees, and began to speak:

“From Poznan, your bright highness—from Poznan.”

“What are you doing here?”

“In misery, in hunger, in severe suffering we live here, dear master.” Here her voice failed her; then Lorenz threw himself prone at the feet of the gentleman and began to kiss the corner of his coat, holding on to it as if he had at last found succor.

“This master is from our country. He will not let us die from hunger; he will save us; he will not let us perish.”

The young boy who accompanied the gentleman looked with surprise; a crowd gathered and stared with astonishment at seeing one man kneeling before another and kissing his feet. In America this is an unusual sight. The old gentleman became impatient with the gaping crowd.

“It is none of your affair; go on about your business,” he said to them in English.

Then turning to Lorenz and Mary, he said:

“Don’t let us stand here—follow me.”

He led them into his place of business, and taking them into a private room he shut the door.

They again began to fall down on their knees, to which he objected, muttering angrily:

“Stop that nonsense! Are we not from

the same country? Are we not children of the same mother?"

Here, evidently, the smoke from his cigar had got in his eyes, for wiping them with his hand, he said:

"Are you hungry?"

"For two days we have eaten nothing, only what little we found to-day on the wharf."

"William," he said to the boy, "get them something to eat." Then he inquired further:

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere, your highness."

"Where did you sleep?"

"On the pier."

"Did they put you out of your room?"

"They did."

"Have you nothing but what you wear?"

"We have not."

"Have you any money?"

"We have not."

“What will you do?”

“We don’t know.”

The old gentleman asked all these questions quickly and impatiently, and then turned suddenly to Mary and said:

“How old are you, girl?”

“I will be eighteen years old on the Ascension of our Lord.”

“Have you suffered much?”

She answered nothing, but only bowed humbly.

The smoke again evidently annoyed the old gentleman.

At this moment was brought a warm meal with some beer. The old gentleman ordered them to eat at once, and when they said that they dared not do it in his presence he said they were foolish. In spite of his impatient manner he seemed to them an angel from heaven.

He enjoyed seeing them eat. Then he asked them to tell him how they came here

and what they had passed through. So Lorenz told him all, keeping nothing back, as if he was telling his priest at confession. During this recital the gentleman frequently ejaculated, as if with pity, and occasionally swore mildly, and when Lorenz told of his attempt to drown Mary the old gentleman exclaimed:

“I could flay you alive for that.”

Then to Mary he said:

“Come here, girl.”

When she approached he took her head in both his hands and kissed her on the forehead. He thought a few moments and then said:

“You have indeed suffered. But this is a good country, only one should know how to help himself.”

Lorenz opened wide his eyes. This honorable and wise gentleman called America a good country!

“It is so, you stupid!” he said, seeing

the astonishment of Lorenz—"a good country. When I came here I had nothing; now I make my living. You peasants should stay at home and till the soil, and not go traveling around. When you all leave the country what will become of it? You are not good for anything here; it is easy to come, but difficult to return."

He sat in silence for some time, and then he added, as if to himself:

"Forty years have I been in this country, and have forgotten somewhat. But a strong longing returns sometimes. William must go there—let him see where his fathers lived. This is my son," he said, pointing to the boy. "William, you will bring me a handful of soil to put under my head when I am dead?"

"Yes, father," answered the boy in English.

"And upon my breast, William—upon my breast!"

“Yes, father.”

The smoke again got into the eyes of the old gentleman, so that they were suffused with tears.

Then he began to speak crossly, and said, pointing to the boy:

“This dude understands Polish, but he prefers to speak English. But it can’t be helped. The people who come here are lost to the old country. William, go and tell your sister that we shall have guests for dinner and for the night.”

The boy went quickly. The old gentleman fell into a reverie and was silent for some time; then he began to speak, as if to himself:

“If I send them back it will cost considerable, and what will they return to?” They have sold what they had; they will become paupers. If the girl goes out as a servant, what will become of her? Now they are here it is better that I find them

work. The best way is to send them to some agricultural colony out West; there they can settle. The girl will marry there; they will accumulate some money, and if they wish to return they can take back the old man."

Turning to Lorenz he said:

"Did you learn anything about Polish settlements in America?"

"I did not, your highness."

"My dear people, how did you come here without understanding anything? For the Lord's sake! it is no wonder that you came near perishing. In Chicago there are twenty thousand such as you—in Milwaukee just as many, in Detroit quite a number, and in Buffalo also. They all work in factories; but for the peasants it is better for them to be on a farm. I would send you to Radom, Illinois, to the Polish settlement there, but the land is all taken up. They have founded

a new city of Poznan on the Nebraska prairies, but it is too far; the railroad fare is too much. The 'Virgin Mary' colony, in Texas, is also too far. The best place to send you is to Borowina, especially as I can get you passes, and what money I give you you can then save for your new home."

He again fell into a reverie.

"Listen, old man," said he suddenly. "They are founding a new colony, called Borowina, in Arkansas. It is a beautiful country, and warm, and the land is not yet taken up. There you can get land together with woods, one hundred and sixty acres, from the government free, or from the railroad for a small payment. Do you understand? I will get you tickets and give you some money to start farming with. You will go on the cars to Little Rock and thence by wagon. Besides, I will give you letters of introduction. I

want to help you, because I am your brother; and especially I pity your daughter. Do you understand? You should thank God that you met me."

Here his voice became mild.

"Listen, child," he said to Mary, "here is my card; keep it carefully. If some misfortune happen to thee, if thou art left alone in the world and without protection, then come to me. Thou art a poor child and good. If I should die William will take care of you. Don't lose the card. Now let us go to my house."

Upon the way he purchased some clean linen and clothing for them, and afterward he brought them to his house and treated them as guests. Every one was very kind to them. William and his sister Jenny used them as if they were relatives. Master William addressed Mary as if she was a lady, which confused her very much. In the evening several nicely

dressed young ladies came to call on Jenny. They were very much interested in Mary and made friends with her at once; they wondered at her paleness, her beauty, her bright hair, and when she kissed their hands they laughed heartily. The old gentleman took part in their conversation, shook his white head, muttered, and sometimes pretended to be angry; he spoke sometimes in English and sometimes in Polish; discussed with Lorenz and Mary about the old country; tried to recall places, mused, and from time to time, being again annoyed by the smoke of his cigar, would wipe his eyes.

When it came time for them to go to rest, Mary could not withhold her tears on seeing Miss Jenny preparing her bed for her. Ah! what good people these are! But no wonder. Was not the old gentleman also from Poznan?

On the third day Lorenz and Mary were

on their way to Little Rock. The peasant had one hundred dollars in his pocket and had entirely forgotten his sufferings. Mary felt that above her was the guiding hand of God, and trusted that He would not let her perish: that as He had brought her out of misfortune, He would lead John to America, take care of them both, and guide them back to Lipintse.

Meanwhile, cities, villages and farms flashed by their car window. It was entirely different from New York. There were fields and pastures and forests in the far distance, and houses shaded by trees, and immense stretches of young green crops were everywhere, just as in Poland. At this sight Lorenz felt his bosom fill with gladness, so that he had a desire to cry out: "I greet thee, forests and green fields!" Upon the meadows were pastured herds of cows and flocks of sheep; at the edge of the woods could be seen men cutting the

trees down with axes. The train flew farther and farther; the country was getting less and less settled. Farms disappeared, and in their place could be seen the wide, open prairies. The wind swayed waves of grass and flowers. Strips of yellow flowers covered the plains in spots, winding like golden ribbons. The high grass, mulleins, and thistles bent their heads as if greeting the travelers. Hawks hovered over the plains on their wide wings watching for their prey. The train rushed forward as if wishing to reach the point where the prairies merged into the horizon. From the window of the car could be occasionally seen jack rabbits and towns of prairie dogs. Sometimes the antlers of the kingly elk would rise from the brakes. Nowhere could be seen a church steeple, city, village, house—nothing but the lonely railway station. Lorenz

looked at all this, and he could not understand why so much good land lay idle.

A day and night passed. The next morning the train entered deep woods where the trees were entwined with vines as thick as a human arm, which circumstance made the forest so dense that you would be compelled to cut your way through with an ax. Unknown birds sang in these great thickets. Once it appeared to Lorenz and Mary that they saw some riders with feathers in their hair and faces as red as polished brass. Seeing these woods, these deserted plains and forests, and these strange wild kind of people, and all these wonders, Lorenz could not stand it any longer and said:

“Mary.”

“What is it, father?”

“Do you see?”

“Yes, I do.”

“And do you marvel?”

“Yes, I do marvel.”

At last they crossed a mighty river, which was three times wider than the Warta, and which, they found out later, was the Mississippi, and in the middle of the night they came to Little Rock.

From here they had to inquire their way to Borowina.

We will leave them for a moment. The second period in their search for bread is ended. The third will be in the woods, resounding with axes, and in the hardships and toil of pioneer life. If there were in it less tears, suffering and ill-fate, we shall shortly know.

CHAPTER III.

PIONEER LIFE.

WHAT was Borowina? It was a projected settlement not yet in existence. The name was first invented, conforming to the rule that where there is a name there must be a place. The Polish and even American newspapers published in New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Denver, in a word, in every place where the Polish language could be heard, proclaimed *urbi et orbi* generally, and to Polish circles particularly, that if any one wished to be healthy, rich, happy, to live on the fat of the land, to live long and to have sure salvation after death, he should buy a farm in the earthly paradise of Borowina. These an-

nouncements said that Arkansas, in which stood Borowina, was as yet unsettled, but the most salubrious place in the world. Truly the city of Memphis, which lies opposite Arkansas, on the other side of the Mississippi, was the home of the yellow fever; yet, according to the advertisements, neither yellow nor any other kind of fever could cross so wide a river as the Mississippi. They have a saying that on the high banks of the Arkansas River the yellow fever never appears, because the Choctaw Indians of that neighborhood would scalp it without pity. Therefore fever trembles at the sight of a redskin. As a result of this state of affairs, the settlers of Borowina would live between the fever on the east and the redskins on the west, in an entirely neutral belt; therefore, having such a grand future before it, Borowina in a thousand years undoubtedly would have two millions of inhabitants, and the

ground, which now costs a dollar and fifty cents an acre, would then be worth a thousand dollars a square yard.

It was difficult to resist these allurements. For those who disliked the close proximity of the Choctaws, the announcements assured them that this bellicose tribe had a particular affection for Poles, so that nothing but the most pleasant relations could be foreseen. Besides, it was asserted that where a railroad and telegraph poles, in the shape of crosses, passed through the country, these crosses would all soon be monuments for the graves of Indians; and as the land of Borrowina was purchased from the railroad, the disappearance of the Indians was then only a question of time.

The land was indeed bought from the railroad, which assured to the settlement connection with the world, a market for their produce, and argued well for its

future development. These advertisements neglected to add that this railroad was only a projected one, and that the proceeds of the sales of the quarter sections of land, given by the government to the railroad, were necessary to complete the fund for its building; but this forgetfulness must be forgiven in so complicated a business. The only difference to Borowina was that the settlement, instead of being on a line of a railroad, was out in the wilderness and could only with great difficulty be reached by wagon.

From this forgetfulness might arise different misunderstandings, but they were temporary and would disappear with the building of the road. Besides, it was known that the advertisements in this country were not taken literally, because, as every shrub transplanted in American soil grows luxuriantly at the expense of its fruit, so also advertisements in American

papers grow so large and resplendent that it is difficult to thresh out the grain of truth from the rhetorical chaff. Yet, setting aside all in these advertisements that was *humbug*, it might be admitted that this settlement was not worse than thousands of others whose beginning was announced with a similar grandiloquence.

The conditions seemed to be, from many standpoints, quite fortunate, and quite a number of Polish persons and even families, scattered throughout the States, from the Great Lakes to the palm groves of Florida, from the Atlantic to the California coast, subscribed as settlers to this colony. The Mazurs from Prussia, the Silesians, the people from Poznan, the Galicians, the Lithuanians from Angustow, and Mazurs from Warsaw, who were working in the factories in Chicago and Milwaukee, who longed for a life which a peasant, the son of a peasant, ought to lead, grasped at

the first chance to get themselves out of the stifling, smoky cities, to take up a plow and an ax on the broad prairies, fields, and woods of Arkansas. Those for whom Texas was too warm, or Minnesota too cold, or Michigan too damp, or Illinois too crowded, joined with the first ones, and several hundred people, composed mostly of men, but with quite a number of women and children, started for Arkansas. The different tales they heard did not deter them. Indeed, this section abounds with bloodthirsty Indians, outlaws, frontiersmen, and adventurers, and the western part of the State is famous for its encounters between the Indian and white hunters and the frequent lynchings that take place. The settlers thought that in the course of time this lawlessness would die out. A Mazur, when he has a club in his hand, and especially when he has other Mazurs at his back, will not be

driven from his path, and to those who would molest him he is ready to exclaim: "Have a care; we are not fools; dare not to touch us, or we will lame you." It is known that the Mazurs like to band together, to settle in bodies, so that one can run with his club in his hand to help another.

The gathering point for the majority was the city of Little Rock, but from there to Clarksville, the nearest settlement to Borowina, was farther than from Warsaw to Cracow, and what was worse, their way lay across an unsettled country, heavy woods, and swollen rivers. A few who had started out alone got lost in the woods and perished, but the main body of the emigrants had proceeded safely on their way and were now camping in the woods, having reached their destination. After they had arrived on the ground they were greatly disappointed; they had expected

to get prairie land, interspersed with woods, but they found only a forest, which they must clear. The black oaks, the redwood, the cottonwood, the bright platanes, the gloomy hickories, all stood in one mass. This was no forest to laugh at. It had a thick growth of chaparral underneath, and above the branches of the trees were interlaced, like network, and to them clung vines, which, hanging in heavy strands from tree to tree, looked like suspension bridges, like festoons, like immense garlands, covered with flowers. So thick, dense, and impenetrable were they that the eye could not see afar off, like in the northern woods; he who ventured there could not see the sky above his head, was compelled to walk in the dark, and would be lost therein. The Mazurs looked first at their hands, then at their axes, then at the trees, several yards in circumference, and felt discouraged. It is well

to have wood with which to build houses and for fires, but for one man to cut down a forest of one hundred and sixty acres, to tear the stumps out of the ground, to level the soil and then to plow it, is the labor of years.

But they had no choice. On the second day after their arrival each man crossed himself, breathed upon the palms of his hands, grasped his ax, swung and struck, and from that time every day was heard the ringing of axes in this Arkansas forest, and sometimes they resounded with the echo of songs.

Their camp was pitched in a large glade, near the edge of a stream. They intended on this glade to build a city in the form of a square, with a church and schoolhouse in the center. All that was for the future; and in its place stood the emigrant wagons which had brought their families and household goods. The wagons were cor-

raled in a triangular form, so that they would form a fortress in case of attack. Outside the wagons, on the rest of this glade, grazed mules, horses, and cattle, which were guarded by young lads who were armed. The women slept in the wagons and the men around the fires.

In the daytime the women and children stayed in the camp; the near presence of the men could be known by the sound of the axes, which rang all over the woods. At night could be heard the cries of wild animals in the woods—pumas, wolves, and coyotes; the frightful gray bears, which the light of the fires did not scare, approached the wagons quite closely, and then could be heard the report of rifles and the cry, “Come and help us to kill the beast.” They who came from the wilds of Texas were mostly skilled hunters and supplied the camp with game—deer, elk, and antelope; it was the time of the

spring migration of these animals to the north. They had also a supply of provisions, bought in Little Rock and Clarksville, consisting of flour, corn meal, and salt pork; besides, they occasionally killed a sheep, having brought a large number with them. In the evening, when a great fire was started near the wagons after supper, the young people would dance instead of going to sleep. Some one had brought a violin with him, on which he played. The first thing was to build the houses, and soon, indeed, upon the green turf could be seen a number in process of erection; nearly all the surface of the glade was covered with shavings, chips, and pieces of bark. The redwood could be quite easily worked, but often it was necessary to go quite a distance to get it. Some constructed for themselves temporary tents out of the canvas coverings of the wagons. Others, especially the un-

married men, who did not care to have a roof over their heads so soon, and who did not like the work of woodchopping, began to plow in spots where there was no undergrowth and where the oaks and hickories were farther apart. Then for the first time in the Arkansas woods were heard the cries, "Gee! haw! g'lang!"

Indeed, there was so much work for the settlers to do that it was difficult for them to decide what to do first—to build houses, clear some land, or hunt game. It seemed that the projectors of this colony bought the land from the railroad company on faith, without having first examined it. Otherwise they would never have selected such thick woods, while it would have been just as easy for them to have procured prairie lands, only partially covered with trees. One of the leading spirits of this enterprise and a railroad official appeared on the scene to survey the land and

make the allotments, but seeing the true state of affairs, spent only two days there, and after a violent quarrel they left, saying they were going to Clarksville for surveying tools, but never returned.

Soon it came out that some settlers paid more and some less, and what was worse, no one knew where his lot lay, or even how to survey it, if they could locate it. They were without guidance, power to order their affairs, or smooth their misunderstandings. They had not the experience to know how to go to work.

A body of Germans would have combined together to clear the woods, build houses, and then would have measured off to each man his portion; but the Mazur, at the beginning, wanted to settle on his own land, to build his own house, and to cut down trees on his own lot. Every one wanted also to get land near the central glade, where the trees were few and water

the nearest. Thereupon arose contentions, which gradually grew, when on a certain day there appeared, as if falling from heaven, the wagon of a Mr. Grunmanski. In Cincinnati, where he came from, he was called Mr. Grunman, but in Borowina he added the "ski" to his name to obtain favor in the eyes of the Poles. His wagon had a high canvas covering, upon each side of which there was painted the word "Saloon" in large black letters, and under that in smaller letters, "Brandy, whiskey, gin." How this wagon made the dangerous trip alone between Clarksville and Borowina, without being robbed by the desperadoes or Mr. Grunmanski getting scalped by the Indians, was a mystery; it is enough to know that he did arrive, and from the first day began to do a good business. On that selfsame day the settlers began to quarrel. The thousand disputes about land, tools, sheep, places at the fire,

were now augmented and embittered by the slightest causes. In the minds of the settlers was awakened some silly American provincialisms. Those who came from the Northern States began to compare and extol their old homes above those of the Southern States, and *vice versa*. Then could be heard a mixture of Polish and American slang.

Affairs went very badly in the settlement now, for the people were like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. The quarrels about the land became more and more violent. Fights arose where the associates from one city or place joined against those from another section. Those who were more experienced, old and wise, gradually acquired some authority and influence, but they could not always maintain order. The common instinct of self-preservation in times of danger compelled them to forget their quarrels for the time being. Once,

when a band of renegade Indians drove off a herd of sheep, the settlers banded quickly together and went in pursuit of them; they recovered their sheep and one Indian was killed and harmony prevailed all that day, but next morning they again commenced fighting among themselves. Harmony reigned in the evenings, when the musician played, not dances, but the different songs that they had all sung long ago in their cottages at home. Talk then ceased. The settlers gathered around the musician in a great circle, the murmur of the forest accompanied him, the camp-fires hissed and sparkled, the listeners bowed their heads and their sad souls flew beyond the sea. Sometimes the moon rose high above the forest, and they still listened. But with the exception of these short, quiet intervals, everything was becoming disrupted and disorganized in the community. Disorder grew and hatred

began. This little commonwealth, stranded in these woods, isolated from the rest of the world, abandoned by its guides and protectors, could not and did not know how to help itself.

Among these settlers we now find our two old friends, Lorenz Toporek and his daughter Mary. Having got to Arkansas, they had to share in Borowina the lot of others. At the beginning it was not so bad for them. The forest was not the hard pavements of New York; there they had nothing, while here they possessed a wagon, some provisions and tools bought in Clarksville. There the frightful longing continually gnawed them; here the hard work kept their minds busy. The peasant cut down trees from morning to night, squared the timbers with his ax and put them together; the girl washed their clothes in the creek, made the fire and cooked their meals; the exercise and open

air of the woods gradually destroyed on her face all traces of her illness and suffering in New York. The hot breezes tanned and covered her pale face with a golden hue. The young boys from San Antonio, who were always ready to fight on the slightest provocation with the youths from the Great Lakes, all agreed on this one thing: that Mary's eyes looked from under her bright hair as blue as the cornbottle flower amid the golden rye, and that she was the most beautiful maiden ever seen by human eye. Mary's beauty was of some use to Lorenz. He selected a good piece of woods and no one objected, because all the young men favored his claim. They helped him also to fell the trees, square the timbers and build his house, and the old man, understanding their reasons, would say to them from time to time:

“My daughter walks upon the mead-

ows like a lily, like a lady, like a princess. I can give her to him whom I like, but it is not every one who will get her, because she is the daughter of a landowner. The one who will bow lowest to me and be respectful to me, he may get her, but no ne'er-do-well will ever get her."

Those then who helped him thought that thereby they would gain favor in his eyes.

So Lorenz felt better than the others, and he would have been all right if the settlement had any future before it. But matters were getting worse day by day. One week passed, then another. Quite a clearing was made, the earth was covered with chips, here and there arose the walls of the yellow log houses; but that which was accomplished was a mere bagatelle to that which ought to be done. The green walls of the forest receded very slowly before the attack of the axes. Those who made

some explorations brought the news that the forest was without end, that there were frightful swamps and bayous and stagnant water under the trees, that some monsters dwelt there, and misty, ghostlike forms floated among the trees, that it was alive with hissing snakes, and weird voices cried, "Keep away." A young man from Chicago asserted that he saw the very devil himself, who lifted his shaggy head with flaming eyes out of the swamp and snorted at him, on which he fled. The settlers from Texas explained to him that it must have been a buffalo, but he would not believe them. These superstitious stories increased the unpleasantness of the threatening situation. Several days after the devil had been seen it happened that two of the young men went into the woods and were never seen again. A number of the men were now stricken with chills and fever. The quarrels about the division

of land became so bitter that they often led to blows and severe bodily injuries. Those who did not brand their cattle were denied ownership in them by others. The corral was broken up, and the wagons were scattered in all corners of the clearing, so as to be further off from each other. They could not agree as to who would guard the stock and the sheep were getting lost.

One thing became evident, that before they could grow any grain their provisions would be exhausted and starvation would threaten them. They began to despair. The ring of the ax in the woods grew less frequent because they were losing their patience and courage. Everybody would have been willing to work hard if they could have been assured as to their own property. But no one knew what was his and what was not. The complaints grew louder on all sides. They said they had

been led out into the wilderness to perish. Those who had any money left took their wagons and started, one by one, for Clarksville. But the majority, having spent all their money in this enterprise, were compelled to remain. Seeing nothing but ruin before them in their extremity, they wrung their hands. At last the axes ceased entirely and the forest laughed as if with glee at the insignificance of human efforts. "Chop! chop! for two years and then die of starvation," said they to each other. And the forest answered as if mocking. One evening Lorenz came to Mary and said:

"I see that all will perish here, and we shall perish also."

"If it is God's will," answered the girl. "He was merciful before to us, and even now He will not forsake us."

As she spoke she raised her blue eyes to the stars, and by the light of the fire she

looked like a picture of a saint, and the young men, looking at her, said:

“ And we shall not forsake you, Mary, for you are as beautiful as the morning dawn to us.”

She thought to herself that there was only one with whom she would go to the end of the world—her John—John in Lipintse. But he, who had promised to swim to her over the sea like a duck, to fly to her like a falcon through the air, to roll like a golden hoop on the road, he swam not, flew not, and above all others was not with her—she was alone, the poor one.

Mary could but know that all was not well in the settlement, for she had already been in dire straits. God had saved her from the deep abysses, her soul had become radiant through suffering, so that nothing could now shake her faith in the help of heaven. She remembered also the

good old gentleman in New York who had rescued them from their misery and had helped them to come here—had given her his card and told her if she was ever in trouble to come to him and he would take care of her.

Meanwhile the settlement was threatened more and more every day. Men deserted in the night-time and what befell them it was difficult to say; while around the forest still mocked.

Old Lorenz at last fell sick. The pain racked his spine. For two days he neglected it and the third day he could not get up from his bed. The girl went to the woods, gathered some moss, spread it on a platform made of logs, made a comfortable bed for her father, and cooked some herbs and roots as medicine for him.

“Mary,” muttered the old man, “I feel that death is coming for me through the woods; thou wilt be an orphan, alone

in the world. God now punishes me for my heavy sins, for I led thee over the seas to perdition. Hard it will be for me to die."

"Father," answered the girl, "God would have punished me if I had not come with thee over the seas."

"If it were not for leaving thee alone, if I could only bless thy marriage, it would be easier for me to die. Take thou Czarny Orlik for thy husband; he is a good man—he will take care of thee."

Czarny Orlik, who was nicknamed "Black Eagle," a famous hunter from Texas, overheard this and at once knelt down before the old man.

"Father, bless us!" said he; "I love this maiden as my own life; I know the forest well, and shall not let her perish."

Saying this, he looked at Mary with admiration, but she, kneeling at the feet of the old man, said:

“Don’t ask me, father! to him whom I pledged my troth, his only shall I be.”

“He to whom thou hast pledged thy troth, his thou shalt never be, for I shall slay him. Mine only must thou be,” answered Orlik. “All will perish here, and thou too will perish if I do not save thee.”

He was not mistaken. The settlement was dwindling. One week drifted into another. The provisions were getting low. They began to kill the working cattle. The fever claimed new victims. The people began to lament and cry to heaven for help.

One Sunday, the old and young men, women and children all knelt on the turf, and raising their voices intoned the supplication: “Holy God! Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy upon us!” The forest stopped its swaying and murmuring and listened. When the prayer had ceased, again it deeply muttered, as if

threatening: "Here I am king, here I am lord, here I am the mightiest."

"Black Eagle," who knew the forest well, looked at it fearlessly with his dark eyes and loudly said:

"I dare you! I defy you!"

One after another they all looked at Orlik and some hope entered their hearts. Those who had known him in Texas had great confidence in him, for he was famed as a hunter there. He was a youth who had been raised on the plains and was as strong as an ox. Often he went alone to kill bears. In San Antonio, where he formerly lived, they all knew that sometimes he would take his gun and be absent in the woods for several months, and always returned healthy and unharmed. They called him "Black Eagle" because he was bronzed by the sun. They said he had been a desperado on the Mexican line, but that was not true. He only brought home

skins, and sometimes an Indian scalp, until the local priest threatened to excommunicate him for that. In Borowina he neither cared for nor feared anything. The forest supplied him with food and clothing. When the people became frightened and lost their heads he became the leader, having all his Texas friends to support him. After their prayers, when he showed his anger by defying the forest, they thought he would devise something.

The sun was setting; high between the black branches of the hickory was seen the golden haze; it reddened, deepened, and went out. A southerly evening breeze came up. Orlik took his rifle and went to the woods.

The night had fallen, when in the distance of the dark woods the people saw what appeared to them as a great golden star, like the dawn with the rising sun; it

grew with terrible quickness, spreading out a glow as red as blood.

“The forest is on fire! the forest is on fire!” arose the cries from the camp.

Clouds of frightened birds flew out from all sides of the woods, twittering, cawing and crying. The stock began to bellow deeply, dogs howled, terrified men ran here and there, fearing they would be caught in the flames; but the strong southerly breeze could but carry the fire from the glade. Meanwhile, in the distance shone a second red star, then a third; both soon joined the first, and the blaze, now covering a great space, roared, hissed, and gained in volume. The flames poured as water, ran along the dry network of vines and shriveled up the leaves. The burning branches, carried by the wind, flew like fiery birds.

The hickories exploded with a report like cannon. The red snakes of fire

writthed on the resinous carpet of pine-needles. The hissing, the noise, the crackling of branches, the dull roar of the flames, mixed with the cries of the birds and the howls of wild animals that filled the air. The tall trees, piercing the sky, wavered like fiery pillars and columns. The long, blazing vine-strands, burned away from one end, swung with a mighty sweep, like the tentacles of some fierce flaming dragon, carrying sparks and fire from tree to tree. The heavens reddened as if itself aflame. It became as light as day. Then the flames united in one sea of fire and swept through the forest, breathing death and destruction in its pathway, like the wrath of God.

Smoke, heat, and the smell of burning wood, filled the air. Although no danger threatened them, the people of the camp were alarmed and cried out and called to each other; when suddenly from the side

of the fire, amid its sparks and glow, appeared the figure of "Black Eagle." His face was blackened by the smoke and looked austere. When they surrounded him in a circle, leaning on his rifle, he said:

"Your clearing is done. It was I who burned the forest in that direction. Tomorrow you will have as much cleared land as you desire." Then approaching Mary, he said:

"Thou must be mine, for I am he who burned the forest. Who is here more mighty?"

The girl trembled, because the reflection of the fire blazed in the eyes of Orlik, and he appeared to her as something terrible.

For the first time since her arrival she thanked God that John was far away in Lipintse.

In the meantime the roaring conflagra-

tion had receded further and further. The dawn came, cloudy and threatening rain. At daybreak a party started to explore the burned regions, but they were driven back by the intense heat. On the second day the smoke hung in such heavy banks of mist that nothing could be discerned a few paces off. In the night it began raining, which soon changed into a frightful downpour. Perhaps the forest fires had disturbed the atmosphere and precipitated the moisture from the clouds, or perhaps it was the usual time, when on the Mississippi and also at the forks of the Arkansas and Red Rivers, heavy rains begin to fall. This is increased by the evaporation of water, which in Arkansas covers a large territory in the form of swamps, creeks, and small lakes, being fed in the spring-time by the melting snows of the far-distant mountains. The ground softened and the glade looked like a great pond.

The dampness and exposure caused a great deal of sickness. Some hurried away, desiring to reach Clarksville, but they soon returned, bringing the news that the river was so swollen with the rains that it was impossible to ford it. The situation became alarming, because the supply of provisions was nearly exhausted and it was impossible to replenish them from Clarksville. Starvation threatened Lorenz and Mary the least, for the mighty hand of “Black Eagle” protected them. Every morning he brought game to them, which he had shot or caught in his traps; over the platform where the old man lay, Orlik had erected his tent to protect them from the rain. From their helplessness it was necessary for them to accept the attentions which he forced on them and to express their gratitude. The old man knew that the only recompense he expected was the hand of Mary.

“I am not the only one in the world,” Mary pleadingly would say. “Go thou and find another as I love another.”

But Orlik would answer:

“If I go to the end of the world I could not find another like thee. Thou art the only one in the world for me and must be mine. What wilt thou do when the old man dies? Thou wilt thyself come to me, and I will take thee as the wolf carries the lamb into the woods, but I will not eat thee. Thou art mine and mine alone. Who will deny thee to me? Of whom am I here afraid? Let thy John come—I wish it!”

As far as Lorenz was concerned Orlik seemed to be right. The old man was sinking fast; he became delirious at times, spoke of his sins, of Lipintse, and that God would never let him see it again. Mary wept over him and thought of herself. The offer of Orlik to go with her to Li-

pintse, if she would promise to be his, was to her bitterness and wormwood. To return to Lipintse, where John was, betrothed to another, never! Better to die here under the trees. Such, she thought, would be her end.

Another trial was about to fall on the settlement.

The downpour of rain increased from day to day. On a certain dark night, when Orlik went as usual to the woods, in the camp was heard a piercing shriek: “Water! water!”

The startled settlers rising from their sleep saw, as far as the eye could reach in the darkness, one wide plain, splashing under the rain and swayed by the wind. The dimly diffused light of the night covered with its steely hue the undulating folds and wrinkles of its waves. From that portion of the forest which had been devastated by the fire could be heard the

dashing and splashing of the advancing flood. The cries of the people arose in all directions. The women and children began to climb into the wagons. Some of the men ran to the western side of the woods looking for places of safety. The water reached to their knees and was rapidly rising. The noises from the woods increased and mingled with the cries of terror, the calling of names and the pleadings for help. Soon the stock stampeded before the onslaught of the water, and it was observed that the violence of the current increased. The sheep were carried away, piteously bleating for help, till they disappeared in the darkness. The rain continued to fall in torrents, and every moment the situation became more critical. The distant noises changed into the mad uproar and turmoil of the waves. The wagons began to shake and tremble before the pressure of the water. It was

clear that this was no ordinary freshet, but that the Arkansas and all its tributaries must have overflowed their banks. The flood was tearing the trees up by the roots, breaking down the forests—terror, warring of elements, darkness, death!

One of the wagons which stood nearest to the burned woods was upset. Upon hearing the shrieks of the women for help several dark figures of men started from the trees to their assistance, but the water caught them in its embrace and whirled them into the trees and to destruction. They climbed on the roofs of the other wagons. The rain still fell in torrents, and darkness like a heavy pall enveloped everything.

Sometimes there would pass a log of timber swaying up and down, with a human figure clinging to it; and sometimes the dark form of an animal or man, sometimes an arm, would protrude from the

water in one last despairing effort and disappear forever.

The hoarse, fierce noise of the waves swallowed up every other sound; the roars of the drowning animals, and the cries, "Jesus! Jesus! save us." The glade was transformed into a whirling vortex of seething water; the wagons were fast disappearing.

Where were Lorenz and Mary? The strong platform of logs, upon which the old man lay under Black Eagle's tent, for the present saved them, for it floated like a raft. The water swept it around the glade and carried it into the woods, where, after dashing against the trees, it at last emerged into the swift current of the stream and was borne away in the darkness.

The girl, kneeling by her father, lifted her hands in prayer to heaven, calling for help; but her only answer was the

dashing of the wet spray on her face and the moaning of the night wind.

The tent was torn away.

Every moment the raft was threatened with destruction by the floating trees, logs and stumps which might either crush or upset it.

At last it stuck in the branches of a large uprooted tree. From one of the branches came the sound of a human voice:

“Take my rifle and move to the other side of the raft, so that it will not upset when I jump.”

As soon as Mary obeyed these instructions a dark figure jumped from the branches to the raft.

It was “Black Eagle.”

“Mary,” said he, “as I told thee, I shall not desert thee. As God is my witness, I shall lead thee out of this gulf.”

With the hatchet he had in his hunting-

belt he cut a straight branch from the tree, and in a few moments fashioned a pole out of it, then pushed the raft out from the branches and began to guide it down the stream.

Having reached the middle of the current, they went with great rapidity—where they did not know, but on and on they went. Orlik from time to time pushed off the threatening logs and stumps and steered the raft clear of standing trees. His immense strength seemed to increase. His eyes, despite the darkness, discovered every danger. Hour after hour passed. Any ordinary man would have sunk under this strain, but on him were left no traces of fatigue. At dawn they left the forest behind; not the top of a tree could be seen. The whole country looked like one vast sea. A monstrous body of yellow and foamy water covered the wide prairies. The daylight grew. Orlik, seeing that

there was no stump near them, ceased his watch for a moment and, turning toward Mary, said:

“Now thou art surely mine, for I have snatched thee from death.”

His head was bare, his face flushed with exercise, and, warmed with his battle with the flood, had such an expression of power that for the first time Mary did not dare to answer that she was betrothed to another.

“Mary”—said the young man softly—“dear Mary.”

“Where are we floating to?” she asked, desiring to change the subject.

“What do I care, as long as I am with thee, dear?”

“Steer, for still death does threaten us.”

Orlik began to steer again. Poor old Lorenz felt worse and worse; at times the fever burned him and again it left him, but he was growing weaker. These sufferings were too much for his poor old

worn-out body. The end was approaching—a great peace, eternal relief. At noon he awoke and said:

“Mary, I shall never see to-morrow. Oh, my dear one! Oh, that I had never left Lipintse and brought thee with me! But God is merciful! Not a little have I suffered, and He will forgive me my sins. Bury me, if you can, and let Orlik bring thee to the old gentleman in New York. He is a good man and will have pity on thee and help thee to return to Lipintse. I shall never return. Oh, God! merciful and just, let my soul fly there, if but for one look.”

Here he became delirious and began to mutter: “Unto thy refuge I flee, Holy Mother of God!” Then he cried out: “Don’t throw me into the water; I am no dog.” Then he apparently recalled his attempt on Mary’s life, for he cried out: “Child, forgive me, forgive me!”

The poor thing was seated at his head weeping. Orlik steered, and tears were also in his eyes.

Toward evening the sky became clear. The setting sun showed itself above the flooded country and was reflected in the water like a long golden pathway. The old man was dying. God had mercy upon him and brought him death in the bright sunshine. First, he said, in a mournful voice: "I wandered far away from Poland, from my native land." And then, in his delirium, it seems to him that he returns to it. Lo! he now sees that the old gentleman in New York has given him money for a ticket and has repurchased his old home for him, so that Mary and he are now going back. They are upon the ocean, the ship sails day and night, and the sailors sing. Then he sees the docks of Hamburg from which he left; he passes by different cities; he hears the sound of

German speech, and the train flies onward, so that Lorenz feels that he is nearing his old home once more. Some joy inflates his breast; sweet breezes are wafted to him from his native land. What is it? He reaches the frontier. The poor peasant's heart beats like a trip-hammer. Hasten! hasten! Lord! Lord! Here are now our fields with the wild pear-trees dividing them. Here are the gray-thatched cottages and the churches. There a peasant in his lambskin cap, walking behind his plow. He stretches out his hands to him from the windows of the car. He calls him: "Brother, brother." He can say no more. The train speeds on. What is this? The city of Przyremble; Lipintse is near. Mary and he walk along the road with tears of joy streaming down their faces. It is spring. All is in bloom . . . the May beetles drone in the air . . . in Przyremble the Angelus rings out . . .

Jesus, why givest Thou so much happiness to this poor sinner? One more hill to pass; there is the cross, the signpost, and the township line of Lipintse. They do not walk now—they fly as if on wings—they are upon the hill, by the cross, by the signpost. The peasant casts himself upon the ground, weeps for very joy, kisses the soil, and crawling on his knees to the cross, throws his arms around it: he is now in Lipintse! Truly this is so. He is now in Lipintse! for only his dead body lies on this strayed raft, on the face of the desolate waters, and his soul has flown where it has at last found happiness, rest, peace.

Vainly the girl laments and cries: “Father! father!” Poor Mary, he will not return to thee! It is well for him in Lipintse!

The night fell. The pole was slipping from Orlik’s hands and hunger gnawed

him. Mary, kneeling over the dead body of her father, prayed as she sobbed quietly to herself, and as far as the eye could reach naught could be seen but the vast expanse of water.

They now struck the swift current of some mighty river, which carried them forward quickly. It was impossible to steer the raft; sometimes it got into a vortex and was whirled round and round. Orlik felt that his strength was leaving him, when suddenly he jumped up and cried out:

“By all the saints! I see a light.”

Mary looked in the direction to which he pointed and saw a small light, which was reflected upon the water.

“It is a boat from Clarksville,” quickly said Orlik. “They are a rescuing party; I hope they will not pass us. Mary, I will save thee.” And then he began to shout: “Halloo! halloo!”

Simultaneously he began to steer and row frantically. The light grew larger, and in its glow the outlines of a large boat could be seen. It was still far off but was gradually approaching. After some time Orlik observed that they were drifting further apart.

They had entered some unknown current that carried them out of the pathway of the boat and were now receding from it.

Suddenly the pole broke from the great pressure put on it by Orlik.

They were now helpless. The current carried them further away and the light was diminishing. Fortunately a few minutes later the raft stuck in the branches of a tree that was standing alone on the prairie.

They both began to cry for help, but the noise of the current drowned their voices.

“I shall fire off my rifle,” said Orlik; “they will see its flash and hear the report.”

As soon as he said so he raised his rifle to his shoulder, but in place of its loud report was heard only the click of the hammer. The powder was wet.

Orlik threw himself at full length on the raft. There was no help. He lay still for a moment, then got on his feet, and turning to Mary, said:

“Mary! Any other girl but thee I would have taken by force and carried her into the woods. I was tempted to do it with thee, but I dared not, for I loved thee. I was prowling alone in the woods like a wolf; men feared me; and now I am afraid of thee, Mary. Hast thou given me a love powder? Thou wilt not wed me; then welcome death. I shall save thee or perish. If I perish think kindly of me and pray for me, my dear one. Is it my fault that I love thee? I never

wronged thee. Oh, Mary! Mary! farewell, my love, my life!"

Before she could stop him he plunged into the water and began swimming. For a few moments she could see in the darkness his head and arms as he breasted the current, for he was a strong swimmer. Soon he was lost to view. He was swimming for help to save her life. The swift currents buffeted him and drove him back, but he fought bravely on. If he could only escape this current and enter a favoring one, he might yet reach the boat. Despite his superhuman efforts he made but little headway. The thick, muddy, yellow water splashed in his face: then raising his head above the water and breathing deeply, he looked for the light of the rescuing boat. Sometimes a more violent wave dashed him back or lifted him on its crest; he breathed with difficulty; he felt cramps in his legs. He

thought he would fail; then something whispered into his ear, as if the beloved voice of Mary, "Save me," and again he fiercely renewed his efforts. He panted, labored, and spurted the water from his mouth, with eyes staring wildly. If he had turned back he could easily have reached the raft with the current, but he never thought of this. The light of the boat was coming nearer, for it was caught by the same current that he was now combating. Suddenly he felt that his knees and legs had become stiff. He made a few more despairing struggles. . . . The boat was near him. "Help! help!"

The last word was drowned in his throat. A wave went over his head. He appeared once more. The boat was there; he could hear the splashing of the oars and the sounds of the rowlocks; he strained his voice once more and cried for help. They heard him, and the strokes of the oars

became faster. But Orlik sank again, a stupendous vortex caught him. One hand was raised above the water, then he disappeared forever.

Meanwhile Mary sat on the raft by the dead body of her father, staring vacantly at the distant light. The current was carrying it to her. She saw the outline of the boat, the oars at its sides, moving in the light like the red legs of some huge insect. She gave some piercing calls.

“Eh, Smith,” said a voice in English, “I could swear I heard a cry for help, and I can hear it again.”

Shortly strong arms were lifting Mary from the raft to the boat, but Orlik was not there.

Two months later Mary left the hospital in Little Rock, and with the little money given to her by some kind people she started for New York.

But this money was not enough. Part

of the way she was compelled to walk on foot and, having learned to speak a little English, the rest of the way she begged a ride from the conductors. Many people had pity on this poor, sick, pallid girl, with her great blue eyes, who looked more like a shadow than a human being, and whose tears excited sympathy. People did not treat her unkindly: it was life with its hard lessons.

What could she do in the American whirl with its vast interests—this wild field flower from Lipintse? How could she help herself? This Juggernaut car would crush the life out of her frail body, as the wheels of the wagon crushes the flowers in its way.

With hands trembling from weakness she pulled the bell at the door of the old gentleman's house in New York.

A strange face appeared at the door.

“Is Mr. Zlotopolski at home?”

“Who is he?”

“A noble gentleman.” Then she showed his card.

“He is dead.”

“He is dead? Where is his son, Mr. William?”

“He has left the city.”

“And Miss Jenny?”

“She has gone away too.”

The door was shut in her face. She sat on the doorstep and began to wipe her eyes. She was again in New York, alone, without help, without protection, without money, with God only to depend on.

Should she remain here? Never! She would go to the docks, embrace the feet of the ship captains and beseech them to take her, and, if they would take her across the water, she would walk on foot through Germany and return to Lipintse. John is there, and she has no one now but him in this wide world. If he will not fold

her to his heart, if he has forgotten her, if he repulses her, she will then have the consolation of dying at his feet.

She went to the docks, begged and pleaded with the German captains. They would have taken her if she had been better dressed and nourished: she would then have been beautiful. They would be very glad, but—the rules forbid them—besides, it is a bad precedent—let her, then, cease her pleading.

For several nights she slept on the same pier from which her poor crazed father had attempted to drown her on that memorable night. As before she lived on the refuse cast up by the water. Fortunately it was summer and warm.

Every day she went to the German docks and begged for mercy, and every day it was in vain. She had the peasant persistency, but her strength was leaving her. She felt that if she did not sail soon, she

too would shortly die, as had all those with whom her fate had been bound.

On a certain morning she dragged herself with a great effort, and with the thought that perhaps this would be the last time she could do so, for her strength would not last till to-morrow. She had decided to ask no more, but to steal upon the first boat leaving for Europe and quietly stow herself away somewhere in the hold. When they should find her on the open sea they would not throw her into the water; and if they did, what of it? It was all one to her how she should die, if die she must. At the gangway of the steamer they closely scrutinized every passenger, and on her first attempt the watchman rudely pushed her aside. She was dazed, and sat down on a pile of lumber. She felt strange, sharp, burning pains shoot through her head. Then she began to smile and murmured:

“I am a lady now, John, but I kept my troth with you. Do you know me?”

Our poor girl had lost her mind. She was insane. Every day she came to the docks to meet her John. They became accustomed to the sight of her and often gave her alms. She thanked them humbly, smiling like a child. This continued for some time. One day she did not appear, and they saw her no more. The next day the papers announced that a policeman had found on the end of a pier the dead body of a girl of unknown name and origin.

AN EXCURSION TO ATHENS.

AN EXCURSION TO ATHENS.

ON leaving Stamboul for Áthens on the French steamer *Donnaï*, I had before me the most beautiful view in the world. The sky, which had been cloudy for two weeks, had at last cleared up and was glowing with a magnificent sunset. The opposite Asiatic coast was flooded with light; the Bosphorus and Golden Horn looked like gigantic fiery ribbons; and Pera, Galata, and Stamboul, with their towers, domes, and minarets of the mosques, were drowned in gold and crimson.

The *Donnaï* turned her prow toward the Marmora Sea, proceeding slowly and threading her way cautiously through the multitude of steamers, sailing vessels,

sloops, boats, and caiques. Constantino-
ple has one of the best harbors in Europe;
at the foot of this city, which reigns over
two seas, swarms another city of ships.
As above the one city tower its minarets,
so above the other float its many-colored
flags, and it is not less noisy. Here, as
there, is observed a mixture of tongues,
races, colors, and dresses. All types of
the adjoining three continents could be
seen, beginning with Englishmen and
ending with the half-wild inhabitants of
Asia Minor, who were attracted to the
capital by the chances to earn their bread
as "*caiji*."

We passed the peninsula on which rises
the old Seraglio.

Pera, Galata, and Stamboul now began
to merge into one vast terraced garden as
far as the eye could reach. Neither Na-
ples nor any other city in the world can
present such a superb panorama. All de-

scriptions, from Lamartine to De Amicis, are but pale reflections of the reality—at once delicate and aërial, massive and austere. Sometimes it seemed to me as if the whole garden of enchanted palaces hung suspended in the air; again I was under the influence of such majesty, immensity and power as if terror even now spread from this city over all Europe, and as if in the tower of Seraskerat to-day, as formerly, were balanced the fates of the world.

From the Sea of Marmora could now only be seen the largest buildings, namely, besides the old Serai, the Castle, with its seven towers, Santa Sophia, the Mosque of Suleiman, and the tower of Seraskerat. Slowly the feet of the city sink deep and deeper into the water: first its walls disappeared, then the lower rows of houses, then the higher ones, then the mosques with their domes. The city seems to

drown. The dusk spreads on the heavens, and only on the high minarets fall the last red and golden lights. You would say that thousands of colossal candles were aflame above the now invisible city.

It is the hour in which the muezzins from the high balconies call the faithful to prayer and announce to the four quarters of the earth that Allah is great and that his night falls upon the earth.

The night came clear and starry. It was a time for meditation—and as the fate of future peace, or war indeed, depended in the vicinity of these straits, it was difficult to withstand political speculations.

But I shall not busy myself with them. Let the daily papers do that. If the future should prove their prophecies wrong, they will not be discouraged. As a novelist, I have a thought of some literary value, which, by the way, I shall mention here.

Now it occurred to me that the beauties of the sunset and the burning sea, the palaces and minarets bathed in crimson and gold, were something equally as true and real as the dead dogs which lay by the dozen in the streets of Stamboul. Yet there exists a literary school whose representatives, and especially the lower strata, prefer rather to describe the dead dogs than the not less real sunsets, blue expanse of waters, and beautiful scenes. Why? Certainly there must be different causes, and undeniably among them is this one, that to paint beauty in all its glory it is necessary to have more power and more colors on the palette than to paint filth and abomination; it is easier to move the spleen than the soul.

I have no intention of becoming controversial; therefore I have mentioned these things only *en passant*—now I follow the course of the ship. The mail steamer

leaving Stamboul in the evening arrives in the Dardanelles at daybreak, and in the morning enters the archipelago. So we are now in the Dardanelles. The steamer glided between two narrow banks, upon which were seen frowning forts and the black mouths of cannons commanding both sides of the strait. The next moment we stop, because the steamer before leaving the narrows must exhibit her manifests and secure her clearing papers. The banks look barren and covered with rocks, which the action of the weather in places has crumbled. The whole landscape looks poor and monotonous, even in the presence of the rising sun, which distinctly sculptures all its outlines. The straits are narrower than the Bosphorus or even the Vistula.

On the right bank could be seen the white houses of Gallipoli; their neglected appearance could be discerned from afar.

Again comes the thought which in the East occurs nearly everywhere—in Rustchuk, in Varna, in Burghas, and even in Stamboul itself: are these the countries for which as much human blood has been shed as would flood these narrows? Are these the cities, crumbling into ruins and inhabited by paupers, with their sterile fields and barren rocks, for whose possession millions have been spent to maintain immense standing armies? and where life goes on from one generation to another, knowing not what a day or an hour may bring forth. Especially in the Dardanelles is this question forced on the observer. There are landscapes that give one the feeling of desertion and melancholy—but it never occurred to me that I would see a landscape that so clearly expresses old age and exhaustion, desertion and misery, and yet in these straits lies the whole kernel of the question. This ques-

tion concerns not so much the Bosphorus, nor Constantinople itself, as it does the Dardanelles. This narrow sheet of water, this rocky passage, is the only window and door which leads out into the world.

“Have you heard of the cords,” said a fellow-traveler, an Englishman, “which the sultans in olden times used to send to their grand viziers and unsuccessful commanders of their armies? These straits are just such a cord; you can choke with them the Black Sea and Constantinople itself.”

Meanwhile we entered the Archipelago, that most famous sea of which the ancient Greeks said that it was an image of heaven, for it is dotted with islands as the heavens are dotted with stars. Probably this is the reason they have named it the Arch Sea. Soon we saw before us the rocks of Lemnos, the first island which is observed after leaving the narrows. Somewhat to

the north was outlined with equal distinctness the pearly Imbros, and from the other side, near the Asiatic coast, Tenedos. The standard of the Prophet floats here yet, but over the whole archipelago still hovers the old Greek spirit, traditions, and songs. Perhaps under the influence of such memories these coasts look somehow different from those previously seen, and agree in their contours with that with which the imagination paints everything Grecian. All that you see is as barren and sterile as in the vicinity of the Dardanelles: there are no trees nor human dwellings; the land has a gray olive color, as if faded and burned by the sun—stretching out in bold straight lines like the first simple elements of the Doric order. The hills rise in terraces one above the other—here and there loom up the tops of some mountains scarcely visible in the blue veil of the distance—further, the depths are

veiled altogether. A simple and majestic calm broods over all. Long ago, according to tradition, the hammers of Hephaistos were smiting in the volcano of Lemnos. Perhaps it was here he made the famous shield of Achilles. To-day there is quietness in the crater of Mosichlos—for the volcano is extinct: tradition has outlived the volcano and the god himself.

To the right and to the left constantly appear the islands, which I shall not fatigue the memory and attention by enumerating. The eye sees further on the Archipelago than on any other European sea. The distant islands stand out so clearly and distinctly that every crag of the rocks and even the shrubbery on the hill-sides can be easily discerned. So much light pours down here from the sky to the earth that Italy itself can give us no conception of it. The sea and heavens are not only azure but luminous: in other

places the sun shines and burns, but here it seems to permeate the whole landscape, steeping, saturating, and so melting into it that it entirely excludes all shadow. For this reason the lines are not as hard as those, for instance, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. All outlines on which the eye falls are immeasurably distinct, yet soft, being embraced by the same tone, at once bright and tender.

The Arch Sea is not always peaceful. The same winds that carried the ship of Odysseus to the Cyclops sometimes now rush like wild horses between the islands: the waves roar and dash their white spray up to the tops of the rocks. But at the moment of which I speak the blue expanse was as smooth as a mirror, and only a wide foamy pathway stretched out behind the steamer. During the day not a breath of wind fanned the air. The steamer glided as if upon a lake and the deck was

crowded with passengers. Exquisite costumes were not lacking, because Athenian ladies, above all other daughters of Eve, like to be arrayed in their best on every occasion.

This promenade on the deck lasted until nightfall. The Greeks make new acquaintances easily, perhaps to gratify their loquacity; their politeness is too effusive to be sincere. They flatter themselves without measure, not only on their ancient but also on their modern civilization. Every moment they enumerate to foreigners the names of Greek celebrities, scientific and artistic, supposed to be known and spoken of by all Europe. This or that painter excelled Gérôme with his last painting; this or that scientist inoculated the virus for hydrophobia several years before Pasteur; and, by the way, what is still more wonderful, this malady does not exist in the south; listening to them you

would think that, as God in the past performed all His deeds through the Franks, so to-day He uses the Greeks with far greater results. If anything important happens in the world, seek well and there you will find a Greek.

The nights upon the Archipelago are as beautiful as the days. Such nights Homer called "ambrosial." The feet of the islands wrap themselves in a delicate mist, while their tops are white in the moonlight; the sky is cloudless, and the whole sea is full of silvery streaks—the largest one created by the reflection of the moon—the others by the stars. This phenomenon is not seen in the north, but upon the southern seas I have often seen these silvery ribbons playing on the water from the stars. We glide in such silence that every revolution of the screw is heard. Several vessels could be seen upon the horizon, or rather their lights, looking

from afar like vari-colored moving points hanging in the air.

Like ourselves, these vessels are bound for Piræus, where we shall arrive at day-break. At dawn the screw ceased to revolve and the sudden silence awakened all the passengers. Dressing ourselves, we quickly came on deck—Piræus—Attica.

I admit that even a most indifferent man stands with certain emotions on this soil in the presence of Athens. When they brought to the pope the great standard of Islam, captured at Vienna, and desired a holy relic in exchange for it, the pope answered the ambassadors: “It is not for you to ask for relics; take a handful of your sacred earth hallowed by the blood of martyrs.” It also might be said of Attic soil that every handful is saturated by Greek thought and art. Perhaps you remember, in the second part of Faust, the “Mothers”—those archetypes

and primeval models of all, existing beyond all worlds, beyond all space, so solemn in their indefinable loneliness that they seemed terrible. Attica, without being either so indefinable or terrible, is still the intellectual mother of all civilization. Where or what would we be without her? She is the light of the ancient world, and, after her historical setting, left behind so strong a glow that from its rays a new renaissance was born from out the mediæval gloom. I say Attica instead of Greece, for what Hellas was to the world Attica was to Hellas. In one word, stepping upon this land we are at the fountain head. The civilization upon the neighboring Asiatic and African coasts among other nations grew into monstrosities—Greece alone remained human, others lost themselves in phantasms. She alone took the real world for a foundation of knowledge and art, and succeeded from princi-

ples purely real to create the highest order, truly divine harmony. She knew how to be divine without ceasing to be human—and this explains her influence.

At the moment I stepped upon the soil the “rosy-fingered dawn” was rising in the sky. From Piræus to Athens you can go by the railroad, but it is much better to take a carriage, and thus carefully observe everything that can be seen in a half-hour’s drive. The road from Piræus—which is bordered on either side by platanes trees—winds on the Attic plain, which is, or rather might have been, watered by the river Cephissus. Every name awakens in the memory historical echoes and reminiscences. If it were not for this, Cephissus would not arouse any admiration, for as there are said to be bridges in Poland which do not exist, so this is a river which does not exist, for not a drop of water trickles in its dry and sun-

baked bed. The plain is narrow. On the left side, in the direction of Eleusinian Bay, could be seen the mountains Daphni and Poikilon. From the right side—the honey-bearing Hymettus and Pentelicon, which now, as previously, supplies Athene with marble. The land looks dried up and deserted. The fields and the hillsides have an ashen hue of exceeding delicacy—with a somewhat bluish tint. In Greece this is the color into which all others melt, predominating both on the islands and on the mainland.

An olive grove in the middle of our journey seems to be dusted with an ashen mist. Over all this hangs the blue, cloudless dome, not so deep as the blue of Italy, but, as I have mentioned before, a hundredfold more luminous. The land looks broken—the rocks weather-beaten, crumbling and disintegrating, lending to the whole vicinity an aspect of ruin. But

this is well for her; this quietness and old age, these dreamy olive groves and barren rocks are becoming to her.

The main road goes to the railroad station lying at the bottom of the street of Hermes; near to the city our carriage turned to the right and came to the Boulevard, set out with pepper trees. Then upon a steep hill appeared a row of golden-colored columns joined by a half-ruined architrave; all this is glowing in the dawn, outlined with indescribable sweetness and purity on the sky, not very large in size—large above all measure in harmony, peaceful, simply divine.

The dragoman turns his head and says:
“Acropolis.”

Nearer the mountain, upon Ceramicus, rises the temple of Thesens, relatively the best-preserved structure of the ancient world. Then at every step some ruins: the Pelasgian walls, the rocks of Pnyx,

the caves of Socrates and others, looking with black apertures upon the daylight. At the foot of the hill a ledge of rocks obstructed the view of the Parthenon; instead of which could be seen the disordered ruins of the Odeon of Atticus Herodes and the theater of Bacchus. The eye runs from one fragment to another; the imagination tries to reconstruct the past; thought cannot embrace all, and you limit yourself unconsciously to passive impressions. You feel truly that it was worth while to come here, that it will not be a superficial inspection of ruins with Bae-decker in hand, and a desire to return as soon as possible to your hotel; but in this case the carriage passes only too quickly by these divine rocks—and we suddenly find ourselves in the new city, the new Athens.

Let us speak of it before we return to the Acropolis.

I came here prepared for Eastern filth, the filth of Stamboul, which is too much for the nerves of an average man, but here I was agreeably disappointed. First, it is not true that in Athens you can only see about as much green as you have in your salad at dinner. Perhaps for this reason the city has taken great pains to plant shade trees in its streets and squares. I entered the city near the Acropolis and Olympieum, through the Panhellenic boulevard, which is one mass of green foliage. The pepper trees, with their bright green leaves, remind you of the weeping willow and give to the road an aspect of spring. Everywhere you see gardens, and in them palms, black oaks, cacti and aloes, all covered with gray dust from the rocks and ruins, as if these dead relics wished to say to every living being: "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." Yet it is possible to find shade and coolness everywhere.

The main streets of the city are wide, the houses large and of blinding whiteness, the richer ones covered with marble which to this day is mined from the barren slopes of Pentelicon. The buildings are not deprived of either grace or lightness. The king's palace is an exception. It is built of Pentelic marble; but the style is heavy, reminding you of a barracks. This residence is not an ornament to Constitution Square, but rather detracts from its beauty. Beyond the palace and to one side are the magnificent royal gardens; but the front of it looks like an African desert. This impression is augmented by the great high palms, which is the only decoration on the place. Adding an Arab with a camel you could imagine that you were in Egypt. But the city itself is bright, clean, and entirely European, having been built surrounded by these influences and in imitation of ancient Greek architectural orders,

which give to it a superb appearance. Everywhere you observe Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars; friezes which man began to sculpture and which the sun has finished. The University and the Academy of Art have both the magnificent and harmonious form of a Grecian temple.

Near the portico there rise two mighty pillars made of Pentelic marble and with gilt eschinuses and abaci. On one side stands a gigantic Pallas Athene, with a helmet on her head and a spear in hand; on the other a gigantic Apollo, with a phorminx. At night, by moonlight, these marbles have a bright green look, and appear charmingly light, as if they did not rest on the earth. Perhaps experts would find some minor faults in these buildings, but to me they are the most beautiful adornment to any modern city that I have ever seen.

The richest part of the city—that

portion nearest Constitution Square and the royal palaces, viz., Panhellenic Boulevard, University Boulevard, Stadin Street, and many others up to Concord Square—was built by Greek capitalists living at Phanar or Stamboul, Odessa, Marseilles, or other seaports. With the natural commercial instincts of the Greeks these people made millions; but to give them due credit, they never lost the Grecian spirit. A banker of Odessa or Marseilles, who could claim to be a descendant of Miltiades, and who could call as witnesses Marathon, Leonidas, Thermopylæ, Themistocles, Salamis, Phidias, or Apelles, and point to the ruins of the Acropolis, had that which all the money of the world could not buy. And lo! because of the claims of this glorious past there came to Attica millions from all countries; in the wild gorges were built rail and macadam roads; in the cities in-

habited by the fierce palicars schools were founded; and upon the ruins of old Athens —a new Athens.

The merchants and traders of to-day have mostly settled along the street of Hermes, who was, as you know, in the time of Zeus a patron of trade. The whole lower part of the city toward Gara and Ceramicus was under his patronage. Here there is a bazaar, reminding you of other oriental bazaars, crowded with people, lively and animated, gesticulating and speaking so loudly that it confuses the passers-by. Like all other southern cities, business and trading is conducted in the open streets; in the evening, when the heat of the day is over, they are still more crowded and the shops are kept open very late. The flaming gas jets illumine the stocks of merchandise and the superb fruits and flowers.

Not only on the street of Hermes and

in the business part of the city swarm the crowds after four o'clock, but the streets of the residential quarters are also filled. Odoph Stadin, where I stopped, was a fashionable promenade; before noon it was difficult to pass on the sidewalks and the street was crowded with carriages. There were more men than women, especially among pedestrians; perhaps this was a remnant of the influence of the Orient, or perhaps the custom of secluding the women in the houses arose in and remained since the days of Turkish dominion, when it was unsafe for a pretty young woman to encounter the lecherous glances of the bashaws and beys. Among the women are few beautiful faces; the types are more Armenian than Greek. The times of Phryne and Lais are past, and no Areopagus would set free an Athenian of to-day on account of her beauty. I read that the inhabitants of Megara and old La-

conia and also of some of the islands had preserved the ancient type of Hellenic beauty; I did not observe this in Megara, and I have not been on the Eurotas River or upon the islands.

Among the men could be seen many athletic figures at once beautiful and powerful. Certainly the bright-haired Achilles did not resemble these, but Canaris may have. Many of them wore the Albanian costume, consisting of a pustanella, which is a white skirt that reaches to the knees, a fez, and a waistcoat embroidered with colored silks or gold braid. Their loins are girded with a belt, in which, in former days, they used to carry an arsenal of hangers and pistols, and which now contains their handkerchiefs. Aside from these handkerchiefs, which is an undeniable concession on their part, they are very conservative and opposed to all Western influences. It was chiefly old men who

wore these costumes. The uniforms of the soldiers are modeled from these palicars, which give a picturesque aspect to the city. The Greeks living in the country, despite the instincts of the banditti, which is said to still survive, are presumably honest, industrious, and keep their obligations, but the people of the cities are not so favorably regarded; living only one month among them, I could not judge from my own observation; but even so short a visit suffices to mark that in no other city do merchants, hotel-keepers, guides, liverymen and bankers speak so much of their own honesty as in Athens. It looks somewhat suspicious.

Later travelers, who have spent a longer time in Greece and who have the courage to express their opinions, find some fault in this regard.

The lately deceased Edmond About wrote a book about Greece, which though

shallow, is interesting and full of witty observations. In it the sarcastic “son of Voltaire,” as he was called, notwithstanding that he tried to be impartial, speaks ironically of the descendants of the Athenian Demos. According to him the modern Greeks, by their want of veracity, would put to shame their progenitor Ulysses, his guardian Pallas Athene, and the ancient Cretans, who, according to Epimenides, so excelled in the art of lying. In addition, he says that they are exceedingly rapacious, and suffer the presence of other nationalities only as long as they can fleece them. Concerning their courage, he further says that Canaris was an exception, and that is why he is extolled, but that the Greeks are generally cowards. About even goes so far as to affirm that they always have been cowards, even at the time of the siege of Troy; that they lack knightly feelings, devotion to a good

cause, justice, and instead they have a blind worship for every kind of power— together with a corresponding disdain for every weakness, poverty and misfortune.

About, among thousands of anecdotes, tells the following, which I ask permission to repeat, for it touches us nearer:

After the storms which shook the Hapsburg monarchy in 1848 a handful of Poles settled in Athens. These men were dying from hunger and fever, because the climate of Athens does not suit foreigners for a prolonged residence. But even the small assistance tendered them by the Greeks was grudgingly given. They insulted the refugees at every step. They forced duels upon them, but the Poles all stood firmly together and avoided encounters. On one occasion a fire occurred in Athens which threatened the whole city. The Greeks gathered in groups watching the fire, gesticulating wildly and shouting;

the Poles—remember, I quote the words of About—dashed into the burning buildings and extinguished the flames at the risk of their lives.

Guess now what reward they received?

They were ordered to leave Greece!

They were treated so because after this deed they became famous at the expense of the Greeks; the news of their heroism and the fact that they were in Athens became noised throughout Europe, and it might attract attention and thus be the cause of a diplomatic note from the Austrian government, which was at that time very unfriendly to the refugees.

And this cause was deemed sufficient for their expulsion.

If the statement of About is true—and he was not such a great friend of ours that he would invent incidents to redound to our glory—then it should be acknowledged that the descendants of the inventor of

logic had not ceased to be as logical as the Stagirite himself, but that the traditions of Aristides the Just were extinguished in them forever.

Yet, in what the above-mentioned author and other later writers say of the Greeks, there must undoubtedly be much of exaggeration and still more of misunderstanding. First of all, every traveler brings with him an ethical measure, which is a very broad one, being the result of Western civilization and its advanced moral culture. This scale they apply to a nation which has only recently escaped from a shameful and degrading slavery, and the measuring is done more severely, because it concerns a strange people, and not their own. They forget also, for instance, if the ideas of honor and knighthood were foreign to the ancient world, there may exist whole spheres of moral ideas foreign to the oriental people; these

people, especially the conquered ones, as the Greeks were, had not, to speak precisely, any ideas for a long time, and were guided only by the animal instinct of self-preservation. This instinct was the measure by which they settled all questions, both ethical and logical.

Primitive people are everywhere alike. When a missionary in the wilds of Africa asked a converted negro to cite him an example of what evil was, according to his understanding, the savage, after thinking for a moment, replied:

“It is evil if somebody steals my wife.”

“Excellent,” replied the delighted missionary; “and now give me an example of good.”

The savage did not hesitate a moment in replying:

“Good is, if I steal somebody’s wife.”

This is the logic of aborigines and of

the nations that are declining or who have degenerated.

This logic is also prevalent in the Orient.

Let us leave the Greeks in peace.

I mention this old anecdote of Peschel because it contains the logic we meet daily in both public and private life. It resounds throughout the world, fills the columns of the newspapers, swells as a wave, and daily drowns the difference between good and evil; between justice and injustice; paralyzes the ability of moral orientation in the pathways of public life; obscures and destroys the moral sense of public opinion, which in the end does not know and does not care to know whom to defend and whom to brand. The modern world is not savage, but perhaps in certain aspects it is becoming so.

About wrote his book thirty years ago. The present Greek generation would not act as did his contemporaries. It would

not act so, because it is becoming civilized in the highest sense of that term; being thus regenerated, being young and full of enthusiasm, it evolves in itself and gradually perfects all spiritual powers, and among them the moral sense. Here they have not yet lost their equilibrium. They are advancing, not receding, and have acquired the sense of shame.

In addition they have one great quality which no one denies them, viz., patriotism.

This patriotism is founded as much upon their love of the ancient Hellas as their affection for the modern.

Waiving all questions—admitting that the threads of tradition were tied somewhat artificially; admitting the scientists affirm, that the modern Greeks have in their veins only a small part of the blood of the ancient Hellenic achaia, and instead are only a mixture of the slaves of different nationalities—Albanians and

Slavonians; admitting all this, they as heirs of the land are entitled to be the heirs of its traditions. This patriotism is not a plant which is slightly attached to the surface of the soil, and to be uprooted by the first breath of wind, for its roots are deeply imbedded and of immovable force. It possesses this force because it is historical and wishes to progress, knowing the reason of its existence is the ever-perennial fountain on the Acropolis. So let us now go on the Acropolis, for it is a fountain from which every one can imbibe at least artistic impressions, if nothing else. The whole Attic valley is so small, and everything is so close at hand, that the travelers from the steamers stopping at Piræus for six hours have ample time to explore this holy hill, Olympieum, Theseum, the ruins embraced by the new city, the ancient cemetery of Hagia Trias, Musea, and return to the steamer at the

hour of its departure. Staying in Athens four weeks, I had not time for scientific investigation, but rather for careful observation. Truly it is easier to walk from Constitution Square to the Acropolis than to describe it. Besides, my work lies in another direction; I am no Hellenist, so I can only give an account of my impressions, and not discuss the ruins in detail, about which volumes have been written—the fruit of tedious and long labors.

The way leads up a winding path overgrown by cacti and agavas. In front and above you stands a great wall built of gray and crumbling rocks, which is in part a Hellenic remnant, and was partly reared by the Latin people and even the Turks. From beyond it loom triangular roofs and the long architraves of the temples. It was empty when I went, for it was in the afternoon and the heat was intense, though it was the first day of November. In a side

gate dreams an old veteran. You pass him and by a house near which is stacked piles of marble fragments. The path makes another turn, and you ascend a flight of steps and approach the Propylæa, through which the eye surveys the whole plateau. First impression, ruin! ruin! silence! death! Some of the outer Doric and inner Ionic pillars of the Propylæa are displaced and stand supported by their own weight. The walls are broken, cracked, partly crumbled, and in places the light shines through. There is not a single vacant yard of ground beyond the gate. The whole surface of the plateau is littered and filled with fallen columns, beams of the architraves, friezes, fragments of metopes, capitals and squared stones of the wall; all this, if we leave out several temples, is thrown one upon another, sliding downward, hanging over, leaning, terraced, and lying in wild disorder, of

which even the Forum of Rome gives but a poor conception. It enters the traveler's head that here was waged a terrible war of giants or titanic forces, from which the mountains shook, the walls cracked, and everything fell into ruins, and naught but destruction remained.

So the first impression, which one obtains after passing through the Propylæa, is the impression of some mighty catastrophe.

One walks in silence where everything is so wrapped in the deep mysterious past that our present life and movements seem strange and incongruous amid these surroundings.

On meeting an acquaintance we do not wish to speak to him, only to glance inquiringly in his eye and pass him by and sit somewhere in the shade and watch how the sun drowns the ruins in its brightness.

For here, as I said before, especially at this hour, the light does not fall but pours down in a flood. It would seem that these warm, life-giving streams were opposed to this ruin, destruction and deathlike silence. But no! This ruin and devastation thereby gains a relentless and inexorable distinctness.

You sit and gaze on these sacred remains, upon the marbles of the Parthenon and Erechtheum drowned in the light, until at last something arises from these ruins and enters into your soul. You begin to unite with the past world and become one with it. Then it is well with you, and there enters into you a great peace, which only stone and ruins can impart. The silence of the traveler becomes part of this great silence. I admit the more the soul has suffered the more it will find comfort here. You lean your head on a pillar, close and open your eyes—sweetly rest and

dream. You feel more at home, and your friendly glance rests on the wide lines of the Parthenon, upon the white Erechtheum, and upon the Propylæa below. It is necessary to see them in order to understand how these buildings, golden with age, outline themselves in the sun and blue; these large pieces of architraves, these rows of columns and pediments, simplicity, peace, majesty, and truly divine harmony. At first it is difficult to discern this, the enchantment acts slowly, but for this reason it penetrates deeper and in the end intoxicates. You know, then, oh, traveler, that these masterpieces not only give you peace, but completely fill you with their beauty, and with that which follows—sweetness.

These are the successive impressions through which one passes on the Acropolis. When you are on the place it never enters your head to open your guide-book

to seek information. Afterward you learn at home that the small temple, Nike Apteros, was lately reconstructed from its own ruins; that Lord Elgin took to the British Museum one of the most beautiful caryatids that supported the right portico of the Erechtheum; that also there were taken the metopes of the Parthenon; that the explosion of the Turkish powder magazine was the cause of the ruin of the central part; that casts of the metopes could be seen in the museum lying on this same hill; and that the Erechtheum had been used as a harem by the Turkish bashaws.

In the first moment it matters not to you, that the Parthenon is built in the pure Doric style, that the Erechtheum and Nike Apteros are Ionic, and that in the Propylaea are found pillars of both orders. You knew that before your arrival in Athens. Here breathes upon you the spirit, or

rather genius, of the ancient Hellas, and you do not care to either disperse or analyze it.

Now the imagination begins to work and tries to represent to itself how this Acropolis looked in the time of Pericles, when everything stood in its place; when there existed temples of which there is now no trace, and among them a forest of statues; when the Parthenon was not despoiled of its treasures; when from below you could see in its sculptured frontons the birth of Athene, and from the other side her contest with Poseidon for supremacy in Attica; and the spear of Athene Promachos could be seen from the sea. Let us now imagine a procession of Panathenians, hierophants, archons, warriors, musicians, people, bulls with their gilt horns being led to the altars of opisthodomos, the garlands of flowers and the classic draperies falling in folds like statuary.

I like to recall to my mind the clear night with its bright moonlight, which gives a beautiful greenish hue to the marbles. It is difficult to conceive that man could create such a mountain of superb masterpieces, and yet it can be explained. The Greek mythology was a worship which communed with the mysterious forces of nature—therefore it was pantheistic; but in the soul of the Greek the artist always predominated over the philosopher; first, the poets clothed these forces with human forms and feelings, later came the plastic art, and out of this combination grew these beautiful marble fables. Athene has well chosen the site for her capitol, for what a wonderful background these temples and statues have! From one side sparkles the sea, which seems very near in this translucent air; from the other, all Attica lying at your feet; the mountain of Hymettus, then Pentelicon, to the

north Parnassus, and to the southwest toward the Salamis Straits—Daphni. Over all these—ever-cloudless skies and soaring eagles, whose cries interrupt to this day the silence of the Acropolis.

The impressions which are created on the site of other ruins are but a weak reflection of the thoughts and feelings which are born in the soul on seeing the ruins of the Acropolis. The master-works of Mnesicles, Ictinus and Callicrates were not equaled by anybody, neither before the time of Pericles nor after. They not only created the Parthenon, Erechtheum and Propylæa, but at the same time established an architectural dogma which had to be followed by all the ancient builders of the world. The Romans permitted themselves to add their own arch; they reared the Colosseum, Thermæ, Circuses, and round temples in the shape of the Pantheon of Agrippa, but that was all; in

all else they followed in the footsteps of their immortal predecessors and did not depart from the Grecian dogma. They have surpassed the masterpieces of the Acropolis only in size, but they have done this in Athens itself.

Below the Acropolis, east from the hill on the banks of the river Ilissus, there arose the temple of Zeus Olympian, which was only finished in the time of Cæsar Hadrian. To-day, of the one hundred and twenty columns which it contained, only sixteen remain, thirteen at one end and three at the other. These columns, purely Corinthian, are six feet in diameter and sixty feet high. It was the greatest temple on the plains watered by the rivers Cephissus and Ilissus. Titus Livius, speaking of it, says that it was the only temple whose size was worthy of the god to whom it was dedicated—*Unum in terris inchoatum pro magnitudine dei.* It may have

been so. Zeus, as father of Athene and mightiest of all gods, deserved the largest temple, but Athene being the patroness of Athens, was at the same time the goddess of wisdom; so Zeus could only possess the enlarged reflection of the archetypes which radiated directly from the intuition of the “owl-eyed” goddess.

It does not follow from this, that I intend to take the creators of the temples of the Acropolis for the first discoverers of the Grecian orders. On the contrary, I only said that they established the dogma, but they succeeded in becoming the last and the highest expression of Greek architecture, just as Phidias was in his time the highest exponent of its sculpture. The temple of Theseus, which looked like a small Parthenon, was built before it, like many others, of which now there remains only a few scattered columns. On the Acropolis was a fortress that exposed

it to all the dangers of a siege in ancient times and in modern times to a bombardment. The Theseum stood in the center of the city. Its interior was altered when it was changed from a pagan temple into a Christian church. They removed the inner pillars of the pronaos and built instead a half-circular niche where the altars stood; they made a large door in the wall dividing the cella from the opisthodomos, and evidently threw out all the statues from the middle of the sanctuary. As I said, it recalls the Parthenon, but because it stands on the plain it does not make such an imposing impression, and more especially as its dimensions are far smaller. The Parthenon had in length seventeen columns; the Theseum has but thirteen and of much smaller size. The Parthenon had in width eight columns; the Theseum was a hexastyle. Besides, it was far less decorated, because Phidias filled both

frontons of the temple of the Acropolis with statues and all metopes with bas-relief. The Theseum had only a frieze on the outside wall of the cella, and its metopes on the east side, only were covered with bas-relief carvings, representing deeds of Theseus accomplished with the aid of Heracles. The eastern fronton had also carvings, of which there are no remains.

But all these are details which would only possess value if this article had illustrations of these buildings. The temple of Theseus is interesting because it is in a good state of preservation, and gives us a most distinct idea of Doric architecture, which is both majestic and serene. It stands upon the large square where there is not a tree nor a blade of grass; therefore its columns, golden with age, are outlined with a melancholy charm upon the gray background.

From this square you can see the rocks

of Pnyx. This was where the people gathered. The steps, cut out here and there in the rocks, indicate where the pathway led to the highest terrace, from which can be seen Athens at your feet. On the right side Mouseion straight against the Acropolis. There are no signs of buildings here; the only traces left are of the immense tribune called in antiquity Bema, and upon which sat the people at the time of their debates. The rocks are entirely deprived of vegetation and are deserted; I did not see a living soul there, the city noises do not come this far, and the silence is only broken by the cry of eagles. Unconsciously there comes to my memory the words of Slowatski: "Here amidst the rocks the breezes quarrel with the industrious Arachna and tear her web; here ascend the odoriferous incenses from the herbs of the sun-heated mountains; here the wind, having circled around these

gray mountains of ruins, brings the flying seeds of the flowers, and these downy wanderers fly in the dark cyclopean mausoleums like some fairy spirits."

The Areopagus, lying upon the slope of the Acropolis, is not so quiet, but it is as equally empty. It is a place hallowed by tradition; there is nothing there, and the deep holes in the rocks are littered with stones and earth.

In the city itself and its vicinity are some other monuments worthy of attention, viz., stoa Hadriana, stoa Attala, Agora, the Tower of Winds, the small chapel of Lysicrates, the arch of Hadrian, and the monument of Philopapos, and the lately discovered cemetery of Hagia Trias, where you can see several beautiful graves. I do not intend here to give a description of ruins; I am only giving an account of my impressions, and that is why I linger mostly on the Acropolis, which speaks

most potently to the soul, for it comprises in itself the essence of all beauty given out by the Hellenic civilization in the realms of the plastic art, which is an expression of the whole power of Greek genius. Thucydides had probably the Acropolis in his mind when he said, that in the event of the destruction of Athens by a cataclysm, it would be implied that it was a city four times more powerful than it was in reality. Yet Athens was indeed four times more powerful than Thucydides admitted. Behold! the old city has fallen and lies in ruins, but humanity is greatly indebted to the genius that created so much that can never be forgotten. This indebtedness is an obligation as much to memory as to conscience. It caused the liberation of this glorious land from the yoke of the Turks. It was not a political interest, it was a debt for Europe to pay,

it was simply a question of shame. There are things which even the most debased conscience cannot stand, and the moment arrived when there roared the cannons of Navarino. We can feel assured that if it were not for the immense credit accorded to Greece by all civilization, if it were not for her glory and her deeds, if it were not for the songs of Homer, the memories of Marathon and Salamis and the ruins of those masterpieces on the Acropolis, the bashaws would still keep their harems in the Erechtheum, and from the heights of the Acropolis the standard of the Prophet would fly even to this day. So when I say that modern Greece was rebuilt by Homer, Miltiades, Leonidas, Themistocles, Phidias, Pericles, and other heroes and geniuses of a like power, it is not a mere rhetorical figure, but a historical truth. Working for the glory of their

people, they labored without knowing for its regeneration—and such immortal factors have caused the modern Greece to live.

THE END.

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